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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	129	MIDDLE ARTICLES (continued).		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Mr. Poel's "Hamlet." By John Palmer	139	Shooting Parties for Socialists	144
The Ten Deported	132	Tolstoy's Letters to his Wife. By R. Birkmyre and E. Yakounnikoff	140	The Demons	145
Confidential Conversations	132	CORRESPONDENCE:		With the Authors' Compliments	146
The Deadlock in Mexico	133	Women's Fever (Ernest Bell and others)	141	The Rancee and the Headhunters	146
A Mean Little Strike	134	The Brontë Legend	142	Art and Inspiration	147
Snobbery on the Snow	135	Promotion at Scotland Yard (John Fletcher Little)	143	A Book for Conductors	148
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		The Irish Crisis: A Suggestion (Dudley S. A. Cosby)	144	Novels	149
Peaceful Persuasion: A Dialogue. By Lucian the Less	136	Browning and the Gioconda (Frederic Chapman and I. C. Todd)	144	The Latest Books	150
Oxford and Cambridge Poetry. By Gilbert Murray	137			Travel Books	150
The Grafton Group Academy. By H. Collins Baker	138			Books Received	151
				FINANCE:	
				The City	152
				Insurance: A New Life Assurance Departure	154

THE SATURDAY REVIEW will publish next week an article, "Socrates and the Minimum Wage," by Mr. A. D. Godley.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The people who hold forth in the Press about the cruelty of using policemen with batons and even soldiers to keep order against loose and dangerous rioters and riff-raff in Africa or in Dublin are often quite well-meaning people; but they have, alas, a confused intelligence. Their head is sadly unequal to their heart. Once or twice within the last few months, we notice, these hectic politicians have flamed out against THE SATURDAY REVIEW for its brutality and harshness, and so forth. We have been charged with urging Capital to break the head of Labour. As a rule, Capital, by the way, is accused of breaking not so much the head as the back of Labour! And we have been relegated to the dark ages of Tyrants and Despots of the Star Chamber and the Tower. Which is all very dreadful.

But people who have time to think, or have taught themselves the A B C of civilised rule, know perfectly well that: (1) If there is to be any State, any public life, persons who riot must be put down by the police; and (2) that putting down rioters and dangerous riff-raff by the baton or the sword does not in the least degree imply a want of sympathy with people who are poor and with people who work hard for a low wage. Strange that one should have to state such extremely simple facts as these; yet flustered writers on daily—and weekly—labour papers appear still to be completely ignorant of them!

Events have moved fast in South Africa this week. Mr. Creswell has been released, and no doubt he will have something to say from his point of view now that the Union Parliament has met; the ten Labour leaders of Johannesburg, who were arrested, have been deported and sent by ship direct to England. This sudden action of the Government has astonished the whole world. It was, in kind, theatrical—ten villains of the piece

hustled out of South Africa at dead of night, without trial or judgment. Even London heard of the *coup de main* before Cape Town!

Whether General Botha has acted wisely wholly depends on the position with which he was dealing. Law and the constitution were suspended. Expediency ruled. Was the presence of these men perilous to the State which General Botha was called upon, virtually as dictator, to preserve? It is beside the point as yet to discuss all the legal difficulties General Botha's *coup de main* has created for the lawyers and constitutionalists. These will have to be met; but General Botha had to think of quite other matters.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has had to endure this week some very rude criticism from his supporters. English working men are becoming ever more impatient with the Labour Party in Parliament. They begin to see in them a paid clientele of the Government, whose chief function in the life of the present Parliament has been to help Mr. Asquith's Cabinet with Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment.

The Parliamentary Labour Party does not represent English labour. At most it represents a dwindling section of the English labour class—the section which turns industrial trade-unionism to purely political uses. Even this section has continually to protest that it does not send working men to Parliament merely to vote with the Radicals.

If the Independent Labour Party refuse in the coming session to act independently, there is no doubt at all that they will lose the poor strength they now retain. When General Botha's ten deported men are landed in England they will be met by English trade-unionists and they will be taken through the country to tell their tale. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his party will be required to exact from the Government a full account of General Botha's conduct. Angry English trade-unionists will talk of intervention in South Africa quite regardless of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's perception of its difficulties, and his efforts to smooth them into reason. In the coming session the



Government are faced with an extremely probable defection of the whole Labour Party. Already the Labour Party conference has demanded the recall of Lord Gladstone, and a full enquiry into General Botha's conduct. These "windy suspirations of forced breath" have, of course, frequently before been heard at Labour conferences; but this session all conspires to drive the Labour Party into Opposition. General Botha's deportations have beaten in the wedge of Mr. Churchill's estimates.

Mr. Winston Churchill has come out top-dog nautically but under-dog journalistically in his affair with Mr. Lloyd George and the Little Navyites. He is to have his armada—such as it is!—but he rests under the heavy censure of the Radical press. Thus the "Daily Chronicle", beyond doubt the most vital and progressing Government morning organ to-day in or out of London, goes so far as to write of his "ducal disregard" of economy. He is very nearly Limehoused outright by the "Chronicle"!

The incident illustrates the extremely hard position of a man of high national spirit or Imperialism who has to work with the Radical Party. It is much easier, of course, when the party is out of office. For example, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane were avowed Imperialists during the South African War; yet it did not exclude them from office when their side came in, though the Radical press was often cold or downright insulting to them; they had been guilty only of words. But in office the difficulty in the position of a Liberal or Radical who really wishes his country to be great in arms is immensely increased; it is one thing to offend in words or sentiments, another to offend in deeds or practice.

Hence as a statesman and strong man Mr. Churchill comes well out of the affair; but as a party man in the race for the Leadership, that seen or unseen is always going on, he has dropped back a lap or so and is uncertain in his stride. Were it not for those terrible Marconi shares the Chancellor of the Exchequer to-day might congratulate himself on having gotten the real victory in this naval campaign even by his defeat.

When Mr. William O'Brien resigned his seat in Cork and challenged the Redmondites to "come on", he was reproved for his impulsiveness by the Government Press. The "Westminster Gazette" said his action was Quixotic and that the plain Englishman could not understand conduct of this kind. Well, the plain Englishman will, at any rate, understand perfectly well why Mr. Redmond has declined the combat. There is nothing Quixotic there. Mr. Redmond has declined because he knows to a certainty that by opposing Mr. O'Brien he would lose his money and the election.

This shows well what Cork thinks of the Home Rule Bill, of the Government, and of the proposal to wrench the loyalists of Ulster out of the Union. We do not want to make too much of the incident, or to pretend that it is a great "moral victory" for the cause of the Union; but it is distinctly useful in its way. In the "Cork Free Press" Mr. O'Brien has outlined his own scheme for a settlement by consent. It is, of course, much humaner than anything the Redmondites will allow the Government to put forward; and in it we do see a real desire to arrange fairly. But it is too ingenious by half, and unhappily it does not meet the first, the indispensable demand of Ulster to-day—that on no terms will she agree to become a dependent of Irish Nationalism. That is the root and trunk of the whole thing: the rest is small twigs or dead snapwood.

Mr. Walter Long, in a speech this week, spoke in a way that "the plain Englishman" understands and

likes. He examined the statement of the Government party that the Unionists "found the Irish question so helpful in their party warfare that they were glad to make use of it as a party weapon". That, said Mr. Long, is "an odious lie". There is not the faintest doubt Mr. Long was right to put it thus. He did not in the least exaggerate. Unionists, of course, must fight this question on a party basis, because there is no other effective way, but the Unionist belief that Ulster has a good case is above all party bias and passion.

Absolute conviction is a rare luxury among really thoughtful politicians; for to think at all closely is in politics, as in other spheres of life, commonly to doubt somewhat; but now and then comes an exception—and the Ulster crisis to-day is one. We are positive that thousands of Unionists, tepid ordinarily over party questions and warfare, are hot over this Irish business through the passion of conviction. To deny their sincerity is, in Mr. Long's straight-driving English, a lie.

Sir Evelyn Wood has resigned the chairmanship of the London Territorials. He and those who have worked with him strenuously for five years past have, he says, failed—the force is still 2,700 short of its right quota of 11,000. He clearly despairs of the Territorials and declares strongly for compulsory military training. Thus gradually all the best men who have striven loyally to carry out Lord Haldane's scheme drop out. It is doomed, and must go the way of the Volunteers.

Meanwhile, we have reason to think that the prospects of the National Service League are better than they have been. A fresh arrangement, fervour, and new brains, as well as new blood, are constantly needed for the up-keep of great patriotic schemes such as this. Without going into any particulars, we now expect to see the League make much headway ere long.

Superficially the Zabern affair has closed in a victory for the Prussian military caste, and in a discreet silence of their critics. The military heroes have been declared triumphant and the Reichstag has agreed to forget the whole story. Nevertheless, Zabern is not forgotten. The Reichstag's agreement to ignore what has passed is due to a resolution of the Moderate parties not to allow the anti-militarist Socialists to score at the Government's expense. The Moderate parties have already in a vote of censure upon the Chancellor given their opinion of the officers' conduct. The Emperor has deferred to this vote in his decision to modify the edict under which Colonel von Reuter acted and was able to shelter himself from the civil law. The Moderate parties are content to know that their power has been felt and respected. They do not think it wise to go to extremes and play into the hands of the Radicals by driving out the Chancellor on a military issue.

The ultra-military Prussians must not, therefore, imagine that the moral of Zabern can be ignored. At Zabern the Prussian military caste came into conflict with the growing mass of German Imperial opinion that desires the Empire to be "constitutional" in the sense that England and France are constitutional. To this opinion the Prussian Government will be compelled more and more to defer as time passes. The manufacturing and industrial classes in Germany are upon one side; upon the other is a military aristocracy with many fine qualities of an aristocracy, but cruelly proud, and quite ignorant of the forces leaguering for its supersession. We are not judging between these two opposing parties and systems and ideals. We only note that a contest is inevitable, and that the Zabern affair, outwardly a triumph for the Prussian military aristocracy, is under the surface a constitu-

tional victory for the moderate South German or democratic forces of the Empire.

According to the "Morning Post" correspondent at Washington, who is usually right, President Wilson now thinks of direct and immediate intervention in Mexico. Of course he has measured the consequences, and knows that when the United States troops enter Mexico they have before them the biggest job of their political lives since the Civil War. Democratic policy, which looks to the south, is rapidly over-ruling Republican policy which looks to the north, helped as it is by disorders in Central America and American suzerainty over the Panama Canal. Intervention in Mexico would finally end all idea of co-operation between the United States and the South American Republics. The Monroe Doctrine is already repudiated in every capital south of Panama; and South America openly desires closer relations with Spain. A visit by King Alfonso to the old Spanish colonies is even discussed; and the Argentine has expressed a wish to elect representatives to the Cortes at Madrid. United States intervention in Mexico will naturally help forward this movement towards reunion.

A telegram appeared in "The Times" a few days ago to the effect that the Russian Government had decided to suppress certain parcel services into Persia. A few days later another telegram appeared to the effect that the Russian Government had decided not to do so. These telegrams passed harmlessly through the English Press without comment or any show of interest. This alone exposes the absurdity of imagining that the public—or the Press—has any real knowledge or grip of foreign affairs. We cannot guess what messages have passed between two great Governments as to those apparently unimportant telegrams. We only know that, had the intention of the Russian Government been carried out, Persia would certainly have been driven rapidly into bankruptcy, and that yet another argument would have appeared for intervention and partition. Can we suppose, when telegrams of such great consequence go unnoticed, when decisions of such moment are dismissed in half-a-dozen lines of an official telegram, that anyone but a possible half-a-dozen statesmen in the world really know what is taking place in the foreign offices of Europe?

Who is the owner of the soil of Rhodesia? The Privy Council will now have to decide. The Chartered Company claims the soil of Northern and Southern Rhodesia, apparently on the ground of (a) treaties with the native chiefs, which were made by Cecil Rhodes, Sir Starr Jameson, and the agents of the Chartered Company, or bought from previous holders; and (b) on the ground of possession and conquest—in other words, the ground on which most modern States claim the soil they occupy. The settlers in Rhodesia repudiate that claim, but they have for some time agreed to leave the matter open pending the development of the country, neither retracting their claim nor embarrassing the company. The Colonial Office, which has to decide upon the renewal of the Charter, has not chosen to settle a legal question which will have important consequences not only on Rhodesia, but on every landed proprietary company in the British Empire. Judgment is left to the Privy Council; and it is wisely left.

The coal strike in London ran much the same way as the municipal strike in Leeds. A small section of unskilled workers attempted to put the public into serious difficulties and failed. The argument of distress recoiled on themselves. Had the public not been able to help themselves, the coal-porters might perhaps have succeeded; but it was soon clear that with thousands of able-bodied citizens at work the community would not starve for coal. If the unskilled labourer is not irremediably stupid he will now have concluded that it is impossible to win in a strike odious to the public when the public is able to do his work—that the un-

skilled labourer cannot win in a sudden attack upon the consumer.

Experiments which have been successfully carried out on the site of the old General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand suggest a means of strengthening the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral. The method is to make a series of borings some 30 ft. in London clay and force through these holes liquid cement into the subsoil under pressure up to 400 lbs. by a special machine which has lately been designed for providing such high pressure. By these means it may be possible to ensure that St. Paul's will rest on a mass of concrete and no more of the subsoil will be washed away. The real peril in which St. Paul's continually stands from the draining and slipping of the soil makes it a public duty for the authorities at once to test and decide upon the merits of this experiment.

Mr. Balfour paused this week in his philosophic progress towards theism to talk of probability and discuss the theory of chance. One of the most dexterous passages of Mr. Balfour's discourse was that in which he showed how *mathematically* one has no right to a doctrine of nescience. Either there is an intelligent Creator or there is not. By the laws of chance, therefore, it can only be asserted that the odds are even. This argument was part of a close chain of reasoning whereby Mr. Balfour distinguished between different kinds of probability. Mr. Balfour would define probability as something neither inevitable nor axiomatic, but yet necessary to the basis of our knowledge. In his concluding lectures Mr. Balfour has promised to survey some of the more important beliefs which fall into this class. We await his instances with some curiosity, as they will throw some necessary light on the rather vague general propositions he has just advanced.

Lord Denman, the mildly Liberal peer, who has resigned his office as Governor-General of the Commonwealth, has been a good constitutional ruler. Faced with no real difficulties except the dispute as to Government House, Sydney—in which he acted with dignity—he has made no mistakes. He was not a great personality, but he made himself popular—not always an easy task, as some of his predecessors found. We cannot doubt that ill-health, the official cause of his resignation, is the real cause. He does not appear physically strong, and some who knew him in England were doubtful of his wisdom in accepting so arduous a post three years ago.

Lord Knutsford, who died this week, was a sagacious politician with great experience, if he was not distinguished by any rare gift of speech or imagination. But, after all, the political was not the greater side of him: he lived to be nearly ninety, and kept fresh almost to the close, like Lord Cross—that was his really rare gift. It is good to be able to say of a man, as one says safely of Lord Knutsford, that he had a record of stainless public honour.

David Gill was the first astronomer who devoted himself to record and to study all those minute measurements on which our knowledge to-day of the stellar universe is based. Nothing seems at first so modest in intention or limited in scope as that painful and perpetual chronicle of tiny facts in which the modern astronomer spends the majority of his working hours. Astronomy, in fact, so attractive in its elementary stages when first the nebulae, twin-stars, and planets are seen and discussed, soon discourages the laymen in all the dry-as-dust which follows. Modern research seems the more arduous and barren by contrast with our first splendid vision of Jupiter's cloud-bright surface, or the marvellous Rings. Yet what fine results has the patient astronomer achieved with his charts and photographs, delimiting the universe and speculating on the drift of stars! Dust perhaps—to the layman; but star-dust to men like David Gill.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE TEN DEPORTED.

ALL things conspire to drive a wedge into the Government—to set Radical against Radical. Scarcely has the Cabinet decently composed its differences as to the Navy when General Botha staggers English Ministers with a coup de main unmatched in the history of trade unionism. Mr. Asquith was this week congratulating himself that the solidarity of his party would probably just survive the strain put upon it by Mr. Churchill's estimates. He had measured the position warily, calculating that by allowing Mr. Churchill a part of his way at the Admiralty he would keep his Cabinet together; and that, if the worst should happen, he could at any rate rely on the Opposition to help him against Sir John Brunner and Sir William Byles. He knew that he could not, on the Navy question, have Labour votes against him in the same lobby with Unionist votes. But suddenly all these nice calculations were upset. News arrived of ten men, shipped on board in the dead of night, untried, unconvicted, deported without authority of law, Parliament, or constitution. The English Labour Party was at last horrified into unmistakable revolt. Voices were immediately raised for the recall of Lord Gladstone. The South African Government, the creation of English Radicals, became at once a menace to Labour and to humanity more instant and terrible than the armament contractor. General Botha, the idol of Mr. Lloyd George and of the unpatriotic clique who delighted in his strong right arm when in the South African war it was felt and respected by British soldiers, became at once the principal figure in a modern Peterloo, when his strong right arm was felt by the trade unionist agitator.

The Cabinet has now to face a bitter and a perilous position. Either they must utterly renounce the deeds of their own Government in South Africa; recall their own Governor-General; intervene in the affairs of a country which they have with pomp and circumstance declared free; virtually suspend the constitution which was to have been the permanently glorious achievement of Liberal statecraft; or they must be prepared to face an outcry from their own party in comparison with which all late discontents as to the Navy were only a murmur. General Botha has outraged every Liberal principle which Liberal politicians are required publicly to worship and sustain. He has even revoked the writ of habeas corpus. When the magistrate in Capetown called for the bodies of the ten deported men he had to be informed that there were no bodies. They had been forcibly removed in the night. This is no mere question of the right to strike without notice, or to break in the head of a free labourer, or any of the more delicate privileges of civilised English labourers. It is a question of elementary principles which every Radical knows to be irrefragable and inalienable. If, therefore, Mr. Asquith supports General Botha, he will offend every Liberal orator who has a face to save or a shred of Radical reputation to lose. Every Radical politician who prizes his right to talk, as no mere Tory can, of the liberty of the subject will be estranged. Moreover, Mr. Asquith has not only to reckon with his party's stock-in-trade of Liberal principles. He has also to reckon with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the Labour men, already preparing to welcome these ten deported men in the name of labour and liberty. Mr. MacDonald could not, if he would, avoid a quarrel with the Government. He is usually skilful enough, it is true, at finding excuses to avoid turning out Mr. Asquith's Ministry. But now he cannot choose. The rank and file of his supporters in the country are watching him with suspicion. Already they have moved to censure him for his obvious and perpetual dependence in the Government Whips. An opportunity has now been given him to show his critics that he is really a strong person. Mr. MacDonald clearly does not like the opportunity; but he cannot avoid what is expected of him. When General Botha's deportation of ten men is discussed in the House of Commons, the

Labour party will be expected to vote solid for a vote of censure on Lord Gladstone.

It is early yet to decide whether General Botha was justified in this final stroke. It is already clear that the proclamation of martial law was necessary and wise. The citizen army was called out to save the citizens. Whether General Botha should not have held the ten deported men for trial, and whether he should not have waited for an Act of Parliament authorising deportation, can only be decided by the event. Clearly the deed would, in normal conditions, be illegal and unconstitutional. But the conditions were not normal. The constitution was suspended, and the laws were in abeyance. General Botha was in the position of a Roman dictator summoned to save the State. Our verdict of his conduct must depend, not upon technical legal grounds, but upon the commonsense of his position. Was the presence of these men in South Africa dangerous to the Government? Was it expedient to get them swiftly and secretly out of the country? Expediency alone dictates policy in an interregnum such as General Botha was called to administer. To judge him by the law and constitution (expressly put out of action) would be absurd. All discussion upon these lines exactly resembles certain academic arguments which are being advanced in England to-day on the legality of Ulster's decision to rebel. The limits of law are sometimes passed; and

"all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream—"

—an interim which has to be covered by an Act of oblivion.

General Botha will obtain his Act of oblivion in South Africa. He has deported all his difficulties to England. These difficulties will begin for English lawyers immediately the ten men are landed on English soil. For English Radical politicians they have begun already. When, how, and to what end will they intervene? Intervention at all, though it is necessary for the vindication of Liberal principles, is inconsistent with the Liberal past and with the Liberal gospel of self-government. The South African people have solemnly been given the right to govern themselves. The South African people, by the voice of their Parliament, received from Liberal statesmen, will undoubtedly support General Botha, and indemnify him for what he has done. Are these free voices of a free people to be over-ruled by Cæsarian decrees of the Imperial Government? Mr. Asquith's Cabinet must meet the common fate of every humbug who protests too much. Liberal principles will have to give way somewhere—either Liberal faith in self-government as a prelude to the happiness of the greatest number, or Liberal faith in the right of every trade-unionist not to be deported.

It is rather a serious position for the Liberal conscience; but conscientious scruples are not the worst enemies of the Cabinet's peace of mind. Mr. Asquith's Government might quite conceivably succeed in squaring their consciences; but they have also to square Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. That is rather a more serious difficulty.

CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATIONS.

MR. REDMOND broke his long silence on Sunday; but we are not wiser. Two points in his speech show the weakness of his position. He must be hard pressed when he asks his followers to make light of the preparations in Ulster. "All this talk of civil war", he said, "is at bottom absurd". No doubt some of his supporters are ready to believe anything he tells them, but Mr. Redmond forgets he is speaking to a wider audience. The strength of Ulster's resistance is known and appreciated. It is a confession of helplessness that Mr. Redmond should continue to belittle it. He announced in the same speech that the Nationalist party would not contest the by-election at Cork. He knows that they cannot win the seat and that a contest would only give Mr. O'Brien an opportunity of advertising the weak points of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Redmond also fears that a bitter contest in Cork City might lead to open violence between Mr. O'Brien's Independents and the orthodox Nationalists. A repetition just now of the violence and brutality which disgraced the Louth election of 1910 would remind all witnesses that Mr. Redmond is powerless to secure the "peace, order, and good government" of Ireland which he is so ready to guarantee. For the rest, Mr. Redmond's speech is colourless. It might have been made at any time during the past twelve months. There is nothing new—only the old, rotund professional optimism. Mr. Redmond would have his followers imagine that he is confident of the "immediate triumph of his cause". Only those Nationalists who are blind alike to reason and experience will be deceived. Mr. Redmond knows, though he cannot confess it, that he is faced with the gravest crisis in the history of his party. He talks of immediate victory; but omits to mention that he has to go to his own constituency, Waterford, because the three chief cities of Ireland will not regard him. Cork belongs to Mr. O'Brien. In Dublin Mr. Redmond dare not appear for fear of the Larkinites. Belfast is out of the question. Moreover, only by extraordinary exertions and dexterous manipulation of the party machine (the United Irish League and Ancient Hibernians) have Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin been able to suppress open dissatisfaction with the Home Rule Bill among their own supporters.

From Mr. Redmond's speeches one would imagine that the whole energy of the Nationalist party was devoted to the economic progress and prosperity of Ireland—that their history was a continuous record of devotion to Irish interests, the maintenance of law and order and the development of Irish industries. In truth, there has never been a party in the House of Commons with less constructive ability, not even the Labour party. The operation of the land purchase system, the useful work of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and the creation of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which have renewed Irish rural life, are the work of Unionist Governments. The Nationalist party can claim no credit for the improvement in the social condition of Ireland. Invariably they have obstructed good work or refused to co-operate. Had they devoted to sound reform and the good government of Ireland one-tenth part of the energy they have spent in destructive interference and the encouragement of criminal conspiracy the Home Rule problem would not exist.

At Lincoln on Monday Sir Edward Carson invited Mr. Redmond to show what benefit any part of Ireland could hope to obtain from the Home Rule Bill. This challenge has been made repeatedly in the last two years. It has not been met. Sir Edward Carson made an offer to Mr. Redmond: "If Mr. Redmond wants a genuine extension of real local government in Ireland I will join him. If he wants the removal of any abuses in the government of Ireland; if he wants social and economic reform—and he badly needs it in Dublin—if he can point out any injustices in social and religious circles, I will help him". We gladly read this reference to the constructive side of Unionist policy in Ireland, and regret that several London daily papers omitted to report it. It is the more necessary to emphasise these words of Sir Edward Carson, as the Liberal party are taking advantage of Unionist concentration upon Ulster to spread the false impression that the Unionist attitude is one of sheer negation. In this connection we recall a memorable speech by Sir Edward Carson at the Constitutional Club at the opening of the campaign early in 1912, in which he dealt at length with reforms which are needed in Ireland. If Mr. Redmond had the welfare of Ireland really at heart his time would be better employed in obtaining those reforms from the Liberal Government by force of his eighty votes. He has preferred to waste his time and that of the House of Commons with wearisome debates on a Home Rule Bill which pleases no one. Doubtless he would remind us of his own words: "What do we care for material reforms in Ireland? They may fill the

stomachs of the Irish people, but will not satisfy their spirit. We have preferred in the past rags and the spirit of liberty rather than be the sleekest slave that ever was fed at the hands of the conqueror." This may be good Nationalism, but it is poor consolation for the peasant farmer and the Belfast artisan. So it has always been with the Nationalist party. The few sincere idealists among them disdain the substance in following the shadow. The rest care less for the welfare of Ireland than for success at the party game.

Mr. Redmond's optimism is not likely to endure for long. From a tactical point of view his attitude is a mistake. When Parliament meets he will have to face the facts.

Meantime we notice an artful new move of Radical politicians. The attempt is being made to spread an idea that they have made a magnanimous offer to Ulster at a great sacrifice of Liberal principles. No one is allowed to know what the offer is; but it is affected that weighty concessions have been offered to Ulster which Ulster has unreasonably rejected. Already Mr. Birrell has said that "before civil war could begin Mr. Asquith would state to the world the opportunity that Ulster has refused". This mysterious passage seemed to refer to something that had taken place in the recent "conversations" between the party leaders. We were told that these conversations were to be secret; that they were to be "free, frank, and without prejudice". No doubt Mr. Birrell, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, if he was not himself a party to the conversations, was necessarily taken into Mr. Asquith's confidence. We cannot congratulate him on a careful fulfilment of his obligations. If Mr. Birrell's speech is to be followed by a platform campaign to create, by innuendo, an impression that Ulster has been obstinate and unreasonable, the obligation of secrecy can hardly bind the leaders of the Unionist party. They will be bound in self-defence to disclose what actually has taken place. Mr. Birrell has explained, in a letter to the "Times", that he intended nothing beyond a passing reference to the public offer of Mr. Asquith at Ladybank. We must accept his explanation, but ask him to be more careful in his public utterances. We also ask him to note that his speech at Bristol chimed with a sudden campaign in the Radical Press to magnify the generosity of the Government at Ulster's expense. It seems his own supporters also drew false inferences from his Bristol speech. Mr. Birrell should at once have corrected them had he wished to be entirely above suspicion.

THE DEADLOCK IN MEXICO.

THE British Public likes its foreign politics to happen quickly, dramatically, excitedly. There is a Mexican problem which is becoming ever harder to shirk. The problem is: Mexico cannot govern itself, and cannot be left to sink into anarchy. Intervention can only come from the States, and, if the States intervene, all Mexico will combine against them. The States will then have a far harder task than we had in South Africa, and as any Government they managed to establish would depend on their support, the end of it all would be that the States controlled North America as far as the isthmus. Such control would complicate relations with the greater Latin Republics, with Japan, and with European Powers interested in Central American trade.

President Wilson is an academic Liberal—rather like Mr. Asquith. His policy is one of deepest respect for facts—summed up by "Watch and Wait". Such an attitude stirs no enthusiasm—not even, we imagine, among the President's warmest supporters; but, considering the enormous risks of vigorous action, what other attitude could any far-sighted President take?

It may be urged the President was bound to intervene the moment he refused to recognise Huerta. Even so, intervention may be timely or untimely, and the President would be justified in putting it off until it would be recognised by the Mexicans themselves as a happy release from anarchy. Huerta stood forth as

a second Diaz, a strong man ready to put down disorder with an iron hand. But Mexico rebelled against Diaz, and would probably have rebelled against another man of the same type. After a century of independence Latin America has discovered she has no use for benevolent despots. Diaz was one of the best of them, but he was out of date. Besides, the great practical difficulty about benevolent despots is that it is impossible to breed them. Even benevolence and despotism, separately, cannot be bred: how much more impossible to secure your benevolent despot! Diaz fell a victim to the same movement as that which, it may be remembered, overthrew Castro in Venezuela. The United States have always supported that movement. Indeed, they have felt its influence themselves and President Wilson owes it some thanks for his triumph over Colonel Roosevelt. We may jest at the President's demand for a free election in such a country as Mexico—that is perhaps pushing even his democratic idea rather too far! But in refusing to recognise Huerta he was acting up to the traditions both of his country and of his party.

But if President Wilson was right, it would seem to follow that the chief European Foreign Ministers were wrong. Britain, France, and Germany have all recognised Huerta. Is their conduct defensible? We hold it is not only defensible but sound. Neither Britain nor any other European Power has the same sort of interest in Mexico as the United States. Our interests are financial and industrial, but the States are an American Power concerned with the development of ideas in the American continent. Those ideas do not affect the British Empire. This is true, in spite of Canada—for Canada has no South: it has Quebec instead. In Canada the Frenchman takes the place of the Spaniard and the Spanish-Indian, and the Dominion thus stands apart from the main transatlantic problem of conflicting civilisations. Canadian interests in Mexico are financial, like British interests; and all that either Britain or Canada has to ask of a Mexican Government is that it shall keep order and pay its debts. A benevolent despotism would suit us perfectly, and it was because Huerta appeared to have the makings of a benevolent despot that we recognised him. The fact that it was right for Britain to do one thing and for the States to do the opposite thing is one of the main difficulties of the Mexican problem; but both Britain and the States must face it.

At the moment it is we who must face it. There is no use in discussing the question whether Huerta would have succeeded in establishing himself had the States recognised him. What is clear is that he has not succeeded, and is not likely to succeed, in face of the States' displeasure. The States have not aided the revolutionaries with arms or money, at any rate not yet; but the knowledge that Huerta had the States against him has kept rebellion alive along the whole length of Mexico's northern frontier. We must, therefore, accept the position that no man can rule over Mexico without the goodwill of the Washington Government. On the other hand, it is beginning to become clear to President Wilson that his policy of watchful waiting cannot continue for ever. It can only continue so long as it does not lead to financial catastrophe.

There has been much idle talk of the financial interests supposed to be at the back of the Mexican trouble. Some have pictured a war between rival oil interests controlled by Lord Cowdray and Mr. Rockefeller. Speculations of this sort are not very serious. Quarrels between financial magnates may be important, but they do not make public opinion, and both in Britain and America it is only public opinion that can force the Foreign Office to take really vigorous action. The point to be noticed in Washington is that public opinion is forming in Britain, and is forming on financial grounds. But Lord Cowdray has nothing to do with it. Mexican securities to enormous amounts are held by a great body of British investors—middle-class folk for the most part. Mexico has long been a borrowing country, and her bonds and railway stock have been well taken up in London. The sum total

of her indebtedness to Britain must be enormous. The Government and industrial loans during the last twenty years run into tens of millions, and English and French bondholders are her chief creditors.

If these investors were working men they would have struck by now. Being respectable members of the bourgeoisie they have been patient and hitherto silent. But things are going badly. The recent default over the North Western Railway coupon is an ominous sign, and it is still more ominous that the Mexican Government does not seem in the least likely to be better able to meet future obligations as they mature. Huerta's financial policy leads, it is clear, to eventual chaos. It is impossible for the British Government to remain inactive while Washington waits for chaos. That course means disaster, and perhaps ruin, to hundreds, or even thousands, of honourable families, and the first duty of any Government is to protect the interests of its national. Official and unofficial declarations have proved our reluctance to take any action likely to prove disagreeable to the United States, but President Wilson may force our hand. He really cannot wait indefinitely.

Happily there are signs that the President is appreciative of the importance of foreign interests in Mexico. This week he has met the members of the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee and discussed the position with them. There was nothing in the situation inside Mexico to compel such discussion; it was the consequence, we take it, of the recent default and of the effect of that default upon public opinion in Europe. If the President understands the growing urgency of the case, that is a point to the good; but, assuming, as we may, that he still shrinks from intervention with all its difficulties, what is he to do? It was his hope that he would find among the revolutionaries a truly constitutional leader, such as Madero was at one time believed to be. But all that is known of Caranza or Villa, the rebel chiefs, suggests that they are despotic as Huerta, and that their only plan for dealing with their political opponents is to shoot some, imprison others, and terrorise the rest. That being so, the American Government is properly reluctant to allow arms and cash to pass the Texas frontier.

The only remaining policy is some form of intervention. There are not a few critics in the United States who believe that naval action—especially the blockade of Vera Cruz, and later the isolation of Mexico City—would compel Huerta's resignation without exasperating Mexican opinion. It has even been suggested that, by way of appeasing Mexican hostility to the States, such action should be international—a suggestion that the average American is not very likely to accept! But even then there would remain the question of Huerta's successor. The worst of the trouble is that Madero was a fraud, and that Mexico has not yet produced a man capable of giving her the constitutional government which the United States demand—which she, somewhat more vaguely, demands herself. The right man would solve all difficulties, but where is he?

A MEAN LITTLE STRIKE.

ANOTHER attempt has been made to bludgeon the community, and it has failed. The London coal-carriers seemed at first bound for success. Time and place were carefully chosen. In mid-winter coal is a necessity; in London, owing to difficulties of housing and the small purchasing power of the poor, thousands of people buy their fuel week by week. The coal-carriers had the public and the coal-merchants at a double disadvantage, and, following out the new doctrine of industrial warfare, they struck at the most favourable moment for themselves. A penny a ton more and extras for delivery was the price they asked.

One small success they had. A firm of coal merchants, at whose head is a distinguished Radical politician, broke through the solid front which the masters opposed to the men's demands and conceded the extra penny. It may have been politics, or trade, or sheer benevolence—as was modestly suggested by

the firm—but it miscarried. The men refused to carry the coals of their benefactor.

But that was the end of the men's success. Their calculations of time and place were right, but they forgot the public, and did not allow for public spirit. They refused to carry coal to the hospitals; so the students fetched it themselves. They refused to carry coal to the poor; so the poor fetched it themselves. They refused to carry coal to the restaurants; so the waiters went to St. Pancras for their coal. The general public somehow managed to get their supplies, either fetching it for themselves or buying it in small quantities from enterprising hawkers. The strike caused some loss, much inconvenience, perhaps a little suffering and shortage of food among the very poor. It was a mean thing, and it came to a mean end. At the end of last week the coal-carriers were stubborn for fight; this week they went back to work on any terms they could get. The lucky ones, Sir Edwin Cornwall's employees chiefly, got their penny a ton and extras; the unlucky ones got their old wages, or found their places had been filled.

The coal-carriers had no grievance, except that they wanted more money—a grievance which all the world shares with them. There was no question, as with the builders, who are also on strike, of new conditions being imposed and a penalty pledge being exacted. In this latter trade there was an argument for fair fight to a finish on an issue of principle; but the coal-carriers had no such argument. They were neither badly paid by their masters nor badly treated by the public; their wages averaged over thirty shillings a week for simple work requiring moderate strength but no skill, and with tips as a kind of recognised blackmail on the householder who signs the delivery note. These tips may be scarcer in future. The coal-carriers acted precisely like one of those American trusts, the stock bugbear of the street-corner orator, which raise prices when they think the public can be made to pay. It is true that they made the public pay something in this case, but it was time more than money that was lost by those who fetched their own coal. Only the memory of a dusty picnic will mark the coal-carriers' strike for many householders and clerks.

London was faced with the same problem as Leeds, and it learnt its lesson quickly. The community was challenged by a section of the community, and it answered. The division of labour is a convenience, and sometimes it seems almost a necessity of modern life, but at a pinch most people can carry a sack or light a fire. One would prefer that some work should be done by others, but rather than be bullied we can do the thing ourselves. That is a lesson which the unskilled striker who calls out the whole community has now learned. Henceforth he will be better able to understand the temper of the public.

SNOBBERY ON THE SNOW.

MATTHEW ARNOLD asked the Philistine of his day what was the use of a train taking people quickly from Islington to Camberwell if it only took them "from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell". With equal point the question may be put to-day: "What does it profit a man that he is carried with great speed and luxury to the Alps only to find that he has exchanged one set of garish and vulgar surroundings for another?"

The answer, of course, depends on the man. If you hold that the world is more than a cockney nightmare, that there are still some things that should be above the law of profit and loss, you will be comminatory of the whole conspiracy against the majesty of the Swiss mountains. "Winter sport", railway companies, tourist agencies, and hotel syndicates—you will curse them all, as the Archbishop did the jackdaw, in holy anger and pious grief. It may be no personal concern of yours; you may love the friendly, open, rolling down, with the panorama of well-timbered, swirling country at its foot, better than the noblest giant of

Savoy or the Oberland of Berne. But you have an honest hatred of any kind of desecration. You would object to a picture palace on Adam's Peak, which you will never see, just as you would object to a row of statues in St. James's Park, which you cross every day. You have, in short, a sense of the fitness of things. You are not a "nature-lover"—people will talk as if that was a profession or a religion—but you dislike deliberate uglification in any shape. You admit that an old Georgian house must be pulled down occasionally, but you see no reason in pulling it down unnecessarily, and, above all, you object to a proposal for some monstrous thing of glazed bricks in its place. If you belong to the multitude you will be indifferent, with probably a slight bearing to the acceptance of ugliness in the sacred name of "progress".

But if you belong to the people on whose behalf Switzerland is being daily vulgarised—the nomadic plutocracy and the classes that ape it—you will be both mystified and annoyed by what seems to you a perfectly absurd and wrong-headed point of view. "Vulgarisation of the Alps!" you will exclaim, with perfectly honest indignation—at least, if you take the trouble to justify yourself. "A scandalous misuse of language. If you mean that we are introducing a cheerful human element into a country which used to support a scanty population of very uninteresting peasants we plead guilty. But vulgarisation? Let Heaven witness that we are not vulgar, and cannot tolerate vulgarity. Are we not—those of us who count—enormously rich? Our manners, are they not the manners of the best society? We ought to know, because we are, in fact, society. The days are gone when we were tolerated; now we rule. You complain of big, flash hotels. We admit the bigness and claim it as a virtue. The flashness is a question of terminology. We prefer to call it comfort. Most people do who can afford it. Tango teas and fancy dress balls? Why not? Would you have us spend our spare time reading Taylor's 'Holy Living'? Know that a good time is the main concern of any sensible man or woman, and for the moment the Tango is essential to a good time. Next month it may be something else. Then think of the good we do by spending money. Without us Switzerland would be poorer by millions of francs. Not that we care a pin about the Swiss—who could? You yourself sneer at them as a race of waiters, who never produced a poet or a painter. Still it is progress for the world in general. Your kind of people are always talking about making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. We do better. We shake gold over a desert, and hotels spring up by the score, waiters by the hundred, touts and hangers-on by the thousand. And that you call the vulgarisation of the Alps!"

And, like Mr. Podsnap, you brush the question before you as settled and done with. But the man of the minority is not so easily silenced. "Progress", he will say, though without the least hope of bringing conviction, "cannot be pleaded in excuse for importing the Bank Holiday spirit, however polished and gilded, into holy places, and great mountains have been accounted holy ever since mankind emerged from the kitchen-midden stage of culture. Vulgarity is not a question of money, or even of manners. The most vulgar people in the world are often the most polished. It is a point of view. These winter sports of yours, with the Tango teas and the great dance parties, are not necessarily vulgar. But so much depends on how things are done and where they are done. Now it is vulgar to play games in top hats, under the frown of Eiger. It is vulgar to outrage the pale chastity of Jungfrau by skating in comic costume before her, as if she were some sinful sultana such things might amuse. It is no excuse to-day that you get up these things to please the women folk. The women folk ought not to be pleased in that way. If they cannot be pleased otherwise, they should suffer boredom. There are some things you cannot do, even from good nature. You must not chip a piece off a Greek statue to please the baby, or shoot holes in a Rembrandt to amuse your fourteen-year-old boy. It is useless to

quote princes and princesses as your accomplices. That only proves what everybody knows, that princes are not always princely. It is, in fine, vulgar to treat an Alpine valley as if it were Shepherd's Bush or Montmartre, to make it a kind of White City, to tumble out on the snow all the complicated apparatus of luxurious frivolity, to insult eternal majesty with ephemeral glitter, to concoct tawdry mummeries under the shadow of god-like peaks. It is a wrong thing, a thing none can do quite with impunity. The insulted genius of the mountains will claim its revenge: the deadly revenge of coarsening, were it never so little, the fibre of all who assist in the perpetuation. The well-bred will be, for the time being, a little less well-bred; the vulgar will take on a deeper tinge of vulgarity."

In short, the man of the minority holds that in these matters the background is all important. A game of bridge, harmless in a smoking-room, becomes an offence in a cathedral. And the point of the complaint against the desecration of mountains by noisy luxury is that they should be approached rather in the spirit of the pious pilgrim than in that of the cheerful roysterer. Most people have the sense of something unpleasantly incongruous when they first visit an Alpine winter resort. Nobody, on the other hand, is oppressed by the gaieties and ostentations of the Mediterranean pleasure towns. The difference lies in the difference of setting. The Riviera might have been made to the designs of some Imre Kiralfy of the immortals, and against its stage rocks and stage palm trees the motor-cars, the gay dresses, the elaborate tomfooleries of carnival and fête are quite in keeping. One is as little inclined to condemn an extra touch of colour as one is to discuss the chiaroscuro of a Christmas card. The freaks of an oil or cattle king make as little impression as in London. Quiet people smile and go their way. But in the Alps the germ of vulgarity runs through a whole community like small-pox through a tribe of savages. There it is the gilded rowdy who sets the pace; and with surprising quickness people who are not vulgar see nothing extraordinary in doing vulgar things. They find even a piquancy in "eating muffins to the sound of trumpets". In the overheated, over-fed, over-dressed life of the winter sport resort the distance is speedily abridged between an indubitable Serene Highness and a more than doubtful Russian Princess. The owner of a Crusader's title finds herself following fashions set by the Marchesa Anonyma and Madame de la Anchecassée. The woman for whom fifty thousand hogs die daily flashes her furs by day and her diamonds by night with the consciousness that here at least money talks with full emphasis. It is not, indeed, the Serene Highnesses that rule in the saturnalia of the winter sport resort. The true sovereignty is in the hands of the people with wine-list names, the potent millionaires, the lords of commerce, the overgrown gauchos from South America. Of course, the mass of their subjects are small snobs from every country, who find their highest happiness on the snow line. The English snob, of the kind that Thackeray designed to transfix, is perhaps predominant, but he now is a humble worshipper of wealth rather than of rank. Snobbery, in one form or another, fills the winter sports hotels. Sport is a mere excuse for ostentation, tuft-hunting, or philandering. The real enthusiasts are, indeed, loud in their complaints that no virgin slopes of snow can be discovered, and there the rag-time can never be escaped. Rag-time! O Heaven! O Switzerland!

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

PEACEFUL PERSUASION: A DIALOGUE.

BY LUCIAN THE LESS.

Scene: The precincts of the Palace of Westminster. It is night. Enter, in conversation, the shades of John Wilkes and John Stuart Mill. Wilkes, who carries the ghost of a book under his arm, is smiling; but Mill has the air of one brushing aside an unpleasant topic.

MILL. Enough, Mr. Wilkes! I never greatly cared

for jests, particularly of that complexion. This place of our chance meeting, familiar long since to us both, may well suggest a theme more worthy our discussion; that, for example, with which your name and mine have been closely, if diversely, connected.

WILKES. I take your meaning. "Wilkes and Liberty!" How the hustings rang with it! And "Mill on Liberty" was long, I apprehend, a textbook of political students and—mark the difference—of aspiring politicians.

MILL. Was? The word is ominous. Yet books, the satirist tells us, have their destinies—

WILKES. Yes, "fade as the leaves fade"—

MILL. —but the great reality which my work analysed, who can think of that as waning? I left liberty in a strong, a favourable position. I left her with regrets, indeed, but equally with confidence.

WILKES. H'm. Have you seen some gentlemen shovelling coal? . . . Pray, Mr. Mill, have you availed yourself of the licence granted persons in our position to keep an eye upon the progress of mundane affairs?

MILL. Not with any great thoroughness, I admit. I have returned to my earlier mistress, philosophy.

WILKES. Vastly well, I'm sure. Contemplation, and all that. As for me, I was always an inquisitive, uneasy devil, and being now cut off from action, I grow hipped if I don't get it vicariously. So I go everywhere, see everything, and hear everything; and trust me, Sir, I see and hear things calculated to surprise even so profound a philosopher as yourself.

MILL. That I can believe. But we were to speak of liberty.

WILKES. Aye, Sir, and 'tis of liberty I am thinking. Judge if I am not amongst her votaries, I who was robbed of my seat by resolution of the House of Commons, and saw it adjudged to an opponent who did not poll one-quarter of the votes. . . . Tyranny isn't dead there, by the way. Why, nowadays a Ministry gets repeated notice to quit, and won't budge. 'Gad, Sir, we'd have made them hearken to us in my day!—"Wilkes and Liberty", I can hear the shouting—they don't cheat a single constituency now, as they did Middlesex then, they cheat 'em wholesale! But it's liberty outside of Parliament I prefer to speak of.

MILL. I am with you there. The condition of the people is the great thing. Parliament exists for the people, not the people for Parliament.

WILKES. Exactly, though the folks there have a knack of forgetting it. Well, Sir, the people's liberties must be preserved; and by their righteous assertion we have seen ministries, yes, monarchs overthrown. But times have altered. The people no longer need protection against the encroachments of the Crown, or against feudal oppression—though rancorous and vote-catching demagogues still make a bogey of the latter—

MILL. This from Mr. Wilkes! *Quis tulerit Gracchos*—?

WILKES (*interrupting*). Spare me, Sir! You know I mended in my later days. But they *do* need to be protected—against themselves!

MILL (*uneasily*). Pray explain your meaning, Mr. Wilkes. I am at a loss.

WILKES. *Homo homini lupus*—a Roland for your Oliver, Mr. Mill—fratricidal strife in the body politic is what we have to fear. A minority of the working-classes, arrogating to themselves a questionable ascendancy, seek to impose upon the remainder the terms on which these shall dispose of their labour.

MILL. Your drift is unmistakable; but is not the picture over-coloured? Combination is sometimes essential for the protection of the workers; but, as I remember writing, the better-paid classes of skilled artisans should seek their own advantage in common with, and not by the exclusion of, their fellow-labourers.

WILKES. An admirable ideal—in Utopia! I would you had shown us how it might be realised in Britain. Certainly it is not now the guiding principle of the trades unions, as they are styled. I deny not that the unions, so long as they restricted themselves to their legitimate purpose—that, I mean, of improving the conditions of employment for their members, were productive of good; but that purpose they have long exceeded. We were both fond of our classics, Mr. Mill. You will recall the distich in Plutarch that he applies to Alcibiades:—

“Best rear no lion in your halls, 'tis true;
But treat him like a lion, if you do.”

A lion must not be at large.

MILL. Perfectly; but so far you have not shown me that trades unionists neglect the moral duties which they owe, unquestionably, to the remainder of the labouring class.

WILKES. Give me leave to make the attempt. In my company you shall see strange sights. Here is one. The scene is a dockyard, the hour midnight. The massive gates are locked and barred. Within a huge shed, under the wan rays of the electric light, several hundred men are sleeping. At the door of the shed sentinels are posted, armed with cudgels. They have volunteered to guard these men, and to give the alarm if any enemy effect an entrance to the dockyard. But who and what are the sleepers, and why in need of this protection? Sir, by a supreme irony of language they are termed *free labourers*; but such is their freedom that if they are to unload merchandise which otherwise would rot, and for lack of which the community—mark this—must eventually go hungry, they must live, eat, and sleep within the confines of the docks, and must be guarded night and day against violence. A strike is in progress, and these men are non-unionists. Such, Sir, is liberty—in the twentieth century.

MILL. A most grave indictment; you have stirred me strangely.

WILKES. Mr. Mill, I could paint you many another such picture. I could tell you of strikers, too, whom strikes have ruined; and of men forced to join unions against their will, lest they be workless. All these things you may see substantiated in this book. (*He offers it for Mill's inspection.*) Take it for what it is, the expression of a self-taught working man, who speaks of what he knows; who for over twenty years has fought the battles of free labour, not unwounded; whose writing is at times inflated, but is redeemed by the burning sincerity that underlies it. His countrymen would do well to read this volume, for these troubles and these injustices are ever at our doors. For my part, I regard William Collison as a true knight of liberty.*

MILL. Sir, for the book, I will consider it. But the Dock Strike that you describe: there was some commensurate end, I take it, to be gained?

WILKES. Sir, there was none. The trade of the Port of London was held up for over two months because one old stevedore was not a member of the Watermen and Lightermen's Union. Now, even as we speak, there are certain porters. I could tell you more of them. Farcical, isn't it?

MILL. Heartbreaking, rather. . . . And the remedy?

WILKES. Why, Sir, that is for legislators in being to provide. You and I are *en retraite*! But this I say—and I am preaching what I practised at the Gordon Riots—Government must provide adequate protection for life and property, if it is not to be contemptible. Moreover, there must be repealed a certain odious enactment, extorted from an inglorious Minister by the Labour group, which permits what is known as “peaceful picketing”.

Forty-six years ago, when “peaceful picketing” was in its infancy, Mr. Baron Bramwell showed this odious phrase to be a contradiction in terms. Doubtless you have not forgot the occasion. “I am satisfied”, he said, “that it is impossible to have an effective system of picketing without being guilty of that alarm and intimidation and obstruction which is a breach of the law”. What would he have said to-day! Surely, Sir, our legislators need to take his wise and weighty words to heart?

MILL. Mr. Wilkes, they do; but whether they will—is another matter. (*He sighs heavily; Wilkes surveys him curiously, and seems about to speak; but the East is now lightening to dawn; they disappear.*)

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE POETRY.

By GILBERT MURRAY.

IT is a sign of the times that we should have appearing within a month of each other a book of “Oxford Poetry, 1910-1913”, and a book of “Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913”. The coincidence was, I believe, quite undesigned, as indeed the awkward semi-correspondence of the titles seems to show. The poetry, or poets, in the two respective universities happened to bubble over at the same moment, and the public has shown symptoms of an unwonted and unexplained interest in new collections of verse. This could never have happened when the present writer was an undergraduate at Oxford, in the period between the battle of Waterloo and the siege of Seringapatam. At that time it was very doubtful form to write poetry. A man was ashamed if he won the Newdigate Prize; if he wrote for it and did not get it—well, I never heard of such a case occurring. The shame of it was never revealed. In those days if an undergraduate's hair was more than a foot long his contemporaries cut it for him. If it was greasy, they cut him himself. Nowadays it is usually fifteen inches long and almost always steeped in grease. And it is not even the sign of a poet. It is the mark of the ordinary fashionable Philistine. (I believe, indeed, that the poets now often refuse to grease themselves, and it is doubtful how far public opinion will bear with them.)

Oxford undergraduates compete in scores for the Newdigate and write, on the whole, uncommonly well. They fill the “Magazine” with verses, and run over into the “Isis”, the “Varsity”, and quite a number of other more short-lived periodicals. The same thing is evidently happening at Cambridge. And it is worth remarking that the poets of the day are mostly men of some intellectual eminence. Of the twenty-five contributors to the Oxford volume nearly all are scholars of their colleges, four are Fellows, several are quite distinguished in other ways. The other type of poet, the shrinking half-witted rabbit, who cannot spell and gets his inspiration direct from on high, is hardly represented at all.

Now, since I live in Oxford and have written a long introduction to the Oxford book, it is clearly more than my place is worth to criticise these poets individually. I think the general impression will be that the Cambridge book maintains a higher standard; there is more really interesting stuff in it and less that is uninteresting. But one must remember that Cambridge takes in a sweep of thirteen years, while Oxford only covers three. That is to say, roughly, that all the Oxford men are, or ought to be, under twenty-six, while the Cambridge men may be ten years older. So that Cambridge has a much larger field of choice and has maturer writers at her disposal. But it seems to me that some five of the Oxford men have done some really exquisite work which can stand, in promise if not in achievement, beside the finest things of Rupert Brooke or J. E. Flecker.

There are many things to be said in comparing the two volumes. Compared with many books of contemporary verse, they both strike one as free from violent

*“The Apostle of Free Labour: The Life-Story of William Collison, Founder and General Secretary of the National Free Labour Association. Told by himself.” London: Hurst and Blackett. 16s. net.

fads; as honest and careful in technique; as having a certain depth and richness of poetic reading behind them. The Cambridge poets strike one as forming more of a uniform group than the Oxonians; they have something of a common quality, whereas the Oxonians are extraordinarily various and disconnected. The Cambridge poets and poetesses—for Cambridge has actually opened its pages to the inferior sex—seem to some extent to be practising the same kind of technique and occupied with the same ideas—and very interesting ideas they mostly are. But I cannot help feeling more excited, if I may use the word, about the future work of one or two in the Oxford volume.

The great difficulty that weighs on a poet at the present day is, I believe, his relation to the tradition that lies behind him. If he is the possessor of a lucky temperament or great genius he will probably never think about that relation at all. He will create what he wants to create; he will use such traditional ideas and forms as come naturally to him, and will probably love them because he happens to love poetry. But the young poet who lacks these exceptional gifts will be troubled by a thousand small devils shouting in his ear. When he likes some poem they will say, "Pooh! That went out of fashion in 1908". When he feels a large or high emotion they will murmur, "For heaven's sake don't be Victorian!" When he thinks of a good story they will shiver, "Ugh! Melodrama". When he makes a clear or wise judgment upon life they will shriek in real alarm, "Puritanism and the end of all things!" If, discouraged, he turns to them for guidance, then heaven help him! They will tell him to be at all costs original; to be unlike everybody else; to eschew carefully all the qualities that he finds in the good poets of the past. They will say to him privately, "Do not try to achieve beauty. It is hard, and no one knows it when they see it. Do not try for wisdom; people do not like it. Achieve something new. We can all tell when a thing is new. The verses of the good old poets would generally scan, let yours never scan. Their stories were moving, let yours be dull. Their characters were interesting, let yours be scrupulously the reverse. They kept an eye on truth or else on ideal beauty, do you carefully avoid either. They loved poetry, do you hate it. Then, as long as you are new, you will be successful, perhaps for as much as six weeks".

Rebellion is sometimes desirable. Mere change of taste is sometimes inevitable. But both are fruitless and barren states of mind and should generally be got rid of before a man approaches his creative work. The better state of mind for a poet is to feel that he is one of the great world-army of poets, engaged upon his own corner of the same unending quest, fortified not by hatred or disgust or boredom, but, like all workers in great causes, by the unseen communion of the saints.

THE GRAFTON GROUP ACADEMY.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE unfailing property of academies is that they are doomed to bore, their most constant characteristic repetition of successful devices without deeper reference to life. Reversing this order, we get cause and effect. Raphael discovered quite legitimately an effective type of Madonna and a facile, charming series of designs for Holy Families that pleased everybody. Without bothering to read Nature more closely or to strike out fresh compositions, he repeatedly scored the same effect with the old recipes. So that he has begun to bore. This, right or wrong, is the common doom of all academicians. It is of no avail pointing to their facility or intentions, their theories or pristine novelty; in the long run human nature finds them bankrupt in life-expression (the only thing that permanently interests it) and yawns.

Barring the Tango, Post-Impressionism has had the shortest run of all recent movements. With us it has ossified into the minute Royal Grafton Group Academy, exhibiting in the Alpine Club. But for the consterna-

tion of the Contemporary Art Society, which, to its dismay, has been saddled with one of this Group's performances, we should find the academy in Mill Street no more amusing than that in Burlington House. But the pitiable condition of this well-intentioned Contemporary Art Society would move anyone to merriment. Existing to buy such examples of contemporary work as shall ultimately reveal the glory of British art, this Society has been let in for a picture by Mr. Duncan Grant and rumoured resignations of cherished subscribers. The picture is called "Adam and Eve", but I understand on good authority that Mr. Roger Fry considers this a mistake: the thing should just be called "A Decoration". Two colossal figures, one pinkish the other pale, compose this decoration. Eve, as Mr. Duncan Grant conceived her, apparently in error, is the pale one; she stands full face, with the large dark eyes and rosebud lips of a popular academic type crossed with late Roman mummy-case portraiture; her chief boast is her right thigh, a vast and bloated limb, hanging like some monstrous bladder. Appealing to the secretary for a clue to the significance of this diseased anatomy, I learned that probably Mr. Grant "wanted a large mass to balance his design". A good old academic plan, but, as the shape of this thigh is miserable and unbalancing, Mr. Grant only proves himself incompetent as an academic designer. Phidias and Rodin intentionally exaggerate proportion to emphasise their rhythm; but they do it well, and by their cunning emphasis express a higher truth than foot-rule accuracy would permit. Mr. Grant's Adam is independently amusing himself by gymnastic exercises, "doing the balance" on his hands. I have found no biblical or anthropological evidence that Adam was so clever; presumably Mr. Grant is solely responsible for this profound idea. But here he shows himself even more of an academician than Leighton or Mr. John Collier, who both constantly introduce figures into their designs with no organic significance, but merely as anecdotal or decorative expedients. Mr. Grant presumably considered that real originality would be expressed by painting Adam in this pose, and so, with no sense of the significant either in design or life-expression, he did the academic thing. Mr. Collier paints to excite interest in a stagey anecdote, Mr. Grant to create an effect of originality; Mr. Collier paints better than Mr. Grant, otherwise they are practically on all fours.

But for the Contemporary Art Society's dilemma one would not be interested in this Grafton Academy. The members all score their old effects with the same old recipes. They express just as superficial minds as they expressed three years ago. Mr. Fry, indeed, seems to have retrogressed; his work used to be interesting because a personal perception of life shone through his elaborate endeavours to ignore it. But now he merely repeats his academic formulæ, having mortified his genuine emotion and perception. The theories and intentions of these people are anything you please, but as they have nothing to do with life-expression they cannot save their exponents from the common academic doom. If the Grafton Group could find a special non-human race of theorists to whom to appeal, people who were not interested in life or good design and craftsmanship, what a vogue it might enjoy! But how can paintings like M. Picasso's "Tête d'homme" but bore a race that thinks in terms of life? I asked the secretary again for help in detecting the man's head. "You", I said, "are doubtless an initiate if not an adept; tell me, where is this man's head?" Confessing that she was indeed an exhibitor in this academy, the secretary informed me that in Mr. Roger Fry's opinion this was another misnomer. The painter ought not to have called it "Head of a Man", but rather "A Design". How lucky that in Mr. Fry we have an expert who can tell just where the artists should not be relied upon. Mr. Grant thought he had painted "Adam and Eve", but really it was only a decoration; M. Picasso, amusing man, thought he had given us "Tête d'homme", but, no, it is "A Design", composed of speckled bands and angles.

Is man independent of his place in time? Can conditions natural to one period of thought and consciousness recur in another and very different period? Coal fields were formed in circumstances that, apparently, can never recur. Can the mental and emotional condition of an Egyptian or Easter Island sculptor be reproduced in an English artist of to-day? These questions trouble the student of Mr. Epstein and Mr. Eric Gill, whose spontaneity, if not sincerity, hangs on the answer. Mr. Gill's sculptures in the Goupil Gallery can be approached in many ways. For example, we may search them for revelation of the special thought and conception of twentieth-century humanity. Does this interpretation of Woman, for instance, express the sum of man's experience and consciousness? Is the view that Mulier is predominantly a breeding animal, serene, gross-breasted, and abundant, the special and unique conception of our time, or is it short of our collective realisation? Or, again, what does Mr. Gill express the more by his careful reconstruction of old and lower types? He does not turn to our present humanity—the life he shares himself—to utter his consciousness of life, but tries to use an old, strange vocabulary. If we compare his version of archaic types with ancient art expression, Tang, Egyptian, or Hindu, we find it empty, contentless. There is no life flickering through his masks, no subtle movement electrifying his Boxers' limbs. He seems to attach some superstitious virtue to academic Eastern poses, lips and eyes, as if the secret lay in a particular convention and special ethnological traits. Canova did the same for Graeco-Roman art. If Mr. Gill could recreate the mental and emotional conditions of B.C. 3000 and experience the feelings and thought natural to those conditions he would speak in his own tongue. That such a feat should have any value, that there is any special virtue in feeling Tang or Fourth Dynasty rather than twentieth century, is, of course, academic supineness. To those with eyes to see and genuine emotion the world is as wonderful, to say the least, now as then. But Mr. Gill, between two stools, obviously does not experience those old emotions nor express the special consciousness of his own time.

Though in postscript form, I must mention the exhibition of Mr. Frederick Carter's etchings at the Dürer Gallery, 16, Dover Street. His best work, by a rather curious arrangement, is not hung on the walls. It is difficult nowadays to avoid the obviously decorative and strike a fresh feeling in design; but in his best pieces Mr. Carter surely and quietly invests his pattern with a new significance. But he is not merely a pattern maker; in a remarkable way his sense of dramatic intensity and design are mutually dependent.

MR. POEL'S HAMLET.

By JOHN PALMER.

Clearly Mr. William Poel is not asking us to take his Hamlet at the Little Theatre as a just presentation of Shakespeare's play. He asks his audiences, in a note on the programme, to remember that the object of his performance is to show those scenes of the play which are never acted in versions of the modern stage. Mr. Poel's Hamlet, in a word, is not Shakespeare's Hamlet, but a necessary protest against the Hamlets of Sir Henry Irving and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Mr. Poel's ruling principle is to omit the things our actors have doted on from the days of Garrick, and to emphasise the things they have slurred. Generations of playgoers having been taught to worship Shakespeare as a framer of well-delivered commonplace by actors who find the summit of our poet's genius in speeches like the seven ages of man, Mr. Poel knocks this natural stuffed figure on the head, so far as Hamlet is concerned, by mercilessly excising "To be or not to be", and filling up the gap with metal less attractive to playgoers, who like their Hamlet always to be a philosopher and a gentleman. Similarly protesting against the verdict of cen-

turies, Mr. Poel cuts the Ghost and comes to the privy council, where Claudius puts Hamlet quite into the shade. Claudius in council, as Mr. Poel shows him at the Little Theatre, might almost be taken for an actor-manager. It is only after very diligent speculation that one is able to conjecture which of the crowd of dutiful supernumeraries is his inconspicuous nephew. Mr. Poel, in fact, has deprived the English language of a sanctified phrase, grounded as we imagined in immortal truth. Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark is no longer a synonym for a great occasion shorn of its principal figure. Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, seen as Mr. Poel sees it, is quite a reasonable and interesting play.

It is hardly necessary to explain, in view of Mr. Poel's way of approach, that Hamlet at the Little Theatre is not a complete and moving achievement. It is an interesting essay upon some neglected aspects of Shakespeare's play. One does not get a splendid and a compelling vision of a masterpiece by conscientiously setting out to linger only upon such portions of the picture as are usually not appreciated by the vulgar. It is true that King Claudius is a figure of the play who is sometimes overlooked, and more often presented grotesquely as a fat and hairy savage with the sin of Cain legibly written on every detail of his villainous person. It is also true that in most familiar productions of Hamlet the characters are mainly regarded as foils to the sweet and melancholy Prince—Osric, for example, being usually presented in the likeness of a simpering idiot; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as palpable, oily rascals. But it does not follow that simply by challenging these particulars and reasonably correcting them Shakespeare's Hamlet will emerge. The vulgar have, after all, for three hundred years applauded a small piece of Shakespeare's Hamlet, though they have never seen him undefiled by editors. Mr. Poel by deliberately omitting that small piece which the vulgar see—perhaps it is not so small as Mr. Poel quite naturally tends to think—omits something almost as important as the things he so clearly sees himself.

Mr. Poel's Hamlet was not, therefore, the Hamlet of Shakespeare, but such glimpses of the Hamlet of Shakespeare as are not usually to be had in a modern theatre. It was a Hamlet for all to see, especially for actors, managers, and producers. Mr. Poel is an imaginative scholar from whom many distinguished producers are not ashamed to borrow. This Elizabethan Hamlet is another of Mr. Poel's good deeds. Let it be fully understood that for judgment and fancy; for many beautiful details of stagecraft (instance Mr. Poel's handling of the play-scene); for stern disregard of stale tradition, and evidence everywhere of a vision really seen and an intelligence independently active—for these things Mr. Poel's Hamlet is memorable, and cannot fail to influence future productions of the play. Mr. Poel's Hamlet is yet another confutation of the idea that Shakespeare's plays are only fitted for the study. It is Mr. Poel's chief distinction that he has done more than any living man to kill this idea. It still persists in intelligent heads, owing to elaborate efforts of modern managers to fit Shakespeare's plays into conditions as contrary as possible to those for which he intended them. But now that Mr. Poel has found disciples in managers like Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Martin Harvey the days of this heresy are happily numbered.

And now let me confess that I have seldom suffered more terrible agony in a theatre than was inflicted on me last Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Poel's company of players. Whatever else we may surmise of the Elizabethan actor we can at any rate be sure he was a master of the art of speech. A company which could in two odd hours deliver audibly and distinctly and practically in the open air plays of the length of *Lear* and *Hamlet* must have cultivated in the highest degree the art of swift and effective utterance. Nor could an age which valued language for its own sake be insensitive to the beauty of Shakespeare's rhythms.

We may safely say of Burbage and his men that nothing was checked or lost of the Shakespearean syllabic torrent—the wonderful verse, and yet more wonderful prose; changing ceaselessly in tempo, pitch and accent; breathless with syncopation; flowing easily as a deep stream; rushing forward to sudden pauses; built into magnificent climaxes crest upon crest. Mr. Poel's company on Tuesday realised only one quality of the true Shakespearean utterance—the quality of speed. It is true this quality has been sadly ignored in the modern or diapason school of declamation; and Mr. Poel's company have done well to protest against taking Shakespeare's verbal music *largo e maestoso* where more often it should be taken *agitato e stretto*. But speed is not everything, and it does not excuse the horrible, insensitive gabbling of Tuesday last. I would forgive Mr. Poel's players quite readily had their terrible diction been obviously due to lack of skill in an unusually rapid delivery of phrases and lines. Unhappily, it was all too obvious that only a small minority of the company had even the beginnings of an ear for the language of Shakespeare. The theatre echoed with a babel of words hideously marred and clipped, vowels half-swallowed, and consonants munched or spat from between the teeth, colloquially delivered, with errors of taste and accent in every line. There was never a hint of rhythm. I do not mean by rhythm the pentametric grunt of our eighteenth-century tragedians, delivering their syllables by metronome, and intoning deeply over an imaginary ground-bass. I mean by rhythm a rendering of Shakespeare's speech for the thing it was—a miraculously woven musical fabric, quick with pulse and melody. One could not have guessed from Hamlet at the Little Theatre that Shakespeare's voice was in any way to be distinguished from the voice of the Admirable Bashville.

Nothing, of course, can atone for the bad speaking of Shakespeare. The two essential things, if Shakespeare is ever to return to our English stage, is (1) that our actors should learn to utter Shakespeare as Burbage uttered him, (2) that Shakespeare's plays should be presented continuously, and refitted to the conventions of the platform stage for which they were written. Mr. Poel has done noble work towards the second of these prime necessities. I cannot but think he is equally conscious of the first. Perhaps, equally with me, he regrets that only a deaf man could enjoy his production on Tuesday.

I cannot end upon a note of censure. Let me finally insist that a deaf man, if he had the least claim to judgment, could not have failed to be absorbed and delighted with Mr. Poel's production. If Mr. Poel could have continued his performances beyond this week I should advise the whole world to visit the Little Theatre with stopped ears. But, alas! the performances are already finished; and I can only record that once more Mr. Poel has deserved well of all the grateful thieves who will, at any rate, steal from him a rather more sensible idea of Claudius than we have hitherto been offered.

TOLSTOY'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE.

By R. BIRKMYRE AND E. YAKOUNNIKOFF.

THE love story of Tolstoy, as told in the letters to his wife just published in Russia, is idyllic if we recall the nature of the man. It began casually with his meeting at his father's house one Sonia or Sophia Behrs, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a German doctor. Tolstoy was thirty-four then, and his letters to her allude pathetically to his "old age" and the impossibility of his happiness. By his own confessions, frank as Rousseau's, he was "ugly, awkward, unclean, and lacked society education . . . irritable, a bore to others, not modest, intolerant, and as shamefaced as a child". Probably, like Rousseau, he was "le fanfaron des vice qu'il n'avait pas".

The friendship soon ripened. He proposed, was accepted. In Tolstoy's earlier letters to his betrothed

we get a very striking impression of his egoism and consuming self-love. We find such offending phrases as "If as a husband I cannot be loved as I love myself, it will be dreadful", and "I claim to be loved as I love myself, but that is, however, impossible".

It was this discordant note in his character that made him so odious to Tourgeniev and his friend Fet. Tourgeniev said of Tolstoy—"He never loved anybody but himself". Probably Merejkowski's cynical saying is nearer the mark—"Tolstoy never loved anybody, not even himself".

While these letters are of rare interest for the new light they shed on Tolstoy's character as a man, and though they give us more than a glimpse of his home affairs, we may say at once that they are somewhat disappointing in substance. They are a careful and precise record of facts; they are abnormally analytical, and reveal the writer as we know him in his works, Olympian and unapproachable; but they seem to lack some of the finer qualities of heart and mind in the letters of men who have stirred the world as dreamers or as men of action. They are not only devoid of the sense of humour—we do not expect this quality in the author of "Anna Karenina" and "Resurrection"—they are without real human charm. They do not, like the letters of Byron and of Carlyle, make a spontaneous appeal to the sympathetic understanding. They seem cold and formal, even when most ardent, if we compare them with similar letters written by similar men.

The letters are valuable for the light they throw on Tolstoy's private life, and on his more intimate relations with men and things; and we owe a debt of deep gratitude to Countess Tolstoy for giving them to the world. Of much interest, for example, are the glimpses of Tolstoy at work. "War and Peace" was written with his wife beside him as his chief critic and adviser. Not only did she take all the business responsibilities and worries of the practical side of his work on herself, but she may be described as his literary collaborator, correcting proof-sheets, deciphering his illegible manuscripts, and attending to style and grammar. Tolstoy, like Carlyle, was a hypochondriac in his literary work. "Anna Karenina" gave him nearly as much trouble as the "French Revolution" gave Carlyle. He never liked the book, and his son thinks he would have destroyed the manuscript of it if he had not been dissuaded.

The letters, of course, are not reticent about the final break between Tolstoy and his wife; but we cannot lay too much emphasis on the fact that it was only towards the closing years of their long and happy life at Yasnaya Polyana that any real estrangement sprang up between them owing to an entire difference in ideals. The cause of the trouble is worth dwelling on. When Tolstoy's altruistic ideas began to invade his private life and he wanted to sacrifice his own inheritance and that of the family to his quixotic idealism, his wife took a firm stand for herself and her children. When Tolstoy, dressed as a peasant and went out to till the fields like the humblest *moujik*, renouncing money, which he considered a curse, and reducing simplicity to a farce, Countess Tolstoy saw the time had come to intervene if she was to preserve the unity of the home. She was a practical woman, and had more than once saved him from financial ruin. Her life was rooted in the traditions of the home, which had for its basis comfort for herself in her old age and the future welfare of her family.

Another cause of the discord between them was the avowed intention of Tolstoy to give up the copyrights in his last writings. This naturally greatly disquieted his wife. In 1894 he wrote to her from Yasnaya Polyana: "All this time I have been busy with the idea of formulating and publishing a declaration with a view to relinquishing my rights as an author in connection with my last writings. . . . I think this would be for your good, having regard to the fact that the public blame you for exploitation". Countess Tolstoy replied that she could not agree to the proposal, as she considered it an injustice to her large and impoverished family.

But it is significant that even when Tolstoy knew the fundamental difference of ideas between them was too vital for change or compromise his attitude to her was still that of a fond and appreciative husband. When the disagreement began to emphasise itself she naively questioned him about his feelings for her. "You ask me whether I love you", he replied; "my feelings for you are such as I think can never change, as they contain all the elements which bind two souls together—our past life, the knowledge of our faults, our mutual pity and irresistible attachment for each other—all these things are an inexorable bond and I am glad". And as late as 1910, when the break between them had become very marked, he could write: "I remember you with love, and can only think of what is good". Even when he had resolved to leave Yasnaya Polyana for ever, his letters of farewell to her breathe the most tender affection and the deepest appreciation of her as his wife and as the mother of his children.

The end of the idyll is well known. It is one of the most poignant episodes in literary history—we shall not dwell on it. Countess Tolstoy published these intimate letters simply and solely that the public might form a clear and unbiassed view of their relations for nearly half a century of virtually serene and unclouded happiness. There has been some comment in the Russian press as to the wisdom of publishing letters of such a private character. The "Novoe Vremya" considers their publication both unwise and premature, but Countess Tolstoy amply justifies her action. She says: "Before leaving this world to be united for ever in the spiritual one to him I love, I wish to share with all those who cherish the memory of Leo Tolstoy that which I consider as the most precious to myself, namely, his letters, which speak of forty-eight years of happy married life. . . . Let the public be indulgent to her who found it perhaps beyond her strength to carry on her frail shoulders the destiny of being the wife of a genius and a great man". She bore the burden well, and if her shoulders were frail she did not complain.

We think that there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of the step taken by Countess Tolstoy, and when the diaries appear—they are promised for next year—we shall be better able to form an opinion of the complete Tolstoy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMEN'S FEVER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the interesting article by Mr. Fielding-Hall in the SATURDAY REVIEW of last week he likens the feminist movement to a fever, and surmises that in the natural course of things it will burn itself out and kill or cure the patient. He makes a good point in showing that the revolt of woman is no new phenomenon. It is as old as Time. But in likening revolt to disease, or in considering fever as an unmitigated evil, he is surely mistaken. A fever may be the result of effort on the part of the human organism to readjust itself; and revolt, far from being "a symptom of decay", may be the power of growth.

In the history of epidemic disease the scourge tends to weaken as it recurs—this is not true of the Woman's Movement. It is a Force, making for life and not for death, "a dissolution or re-birth", to quote the article again; but surely "re-birth" is not a disease, as the writer seems to suggest.

The problem is not a question of the superiority or inferiority of either men or women, nor of equality even. The false idea of the equality of the sexes is a stumbling-block in every argument on the question. A new word is needed to express the fact that one sex is complementary to the other—uniting for service, just as the two gases hydrogen and oxygen, each with properties differing widely, combine to form water—symbolic of life.

It has not yet been fully recognised that this demand on the part of woman for a citizen's share in government is her claim to serve. The logic of her argument is that she

is something that a man is not. In her is the potentiality of motherhood—in the man is the potentiality of fatherhood, and only when man and woman consecrate the fundamental law of their nature to the service of the community will they complete the purpose of creation.

In a natural and complete human life the man selects his mate, and the man and woman together make a home. The attribute dominating and differentiating his nature from hers is to fight, to win, to acquire; the attribute dominating and differentiating the woman is to give. It takes the two to make a home, and the State that fails to recognise woman's right to citizenship is false to natural law.

We are making a great mistake in calling this movement feminist. It is a human movement.

All suffragists will agree with the dictum of the young Duchesse de Bourgogne, "where the women reign and the men govern all goes well"; but it is time we gave up the idea of a queen based on the "bread and honey" of the nursery rhyme.

The very fact that in this country at the present time there is a predominance of women in number to men has a deep significance. Think what it means to women—that they have been called to consecrate those sacred instincts of womanhood and motherhood to the service of the State—the community outside the home. Not without suffering has a woman reconciled herself to spinsterhood; but, in the inscrutable ordering of Providence, she, "to high ends set apart", has been called to inaugurate a new order of things, and the qualities which down the centuries and along the centuries to the end of time have gone and shall go to the making of happy homes are needed for the putting right of the world's ménage.

Consider the needs of the nation's children, the inadequate wage, the housing—how are these crying evils to be remedied? Not by men alone, hard pressed as they are in the struggle. One woman, Florence Nightingale, revolutionised the care of the sick—and we can never go back to things as they were before.

Towards the end of the article which has evoked these remarks the writer says:—

"The relation of the sexes, and their duties, their powers and their abilities, are inherent in nature and are unalterable. No feminist movement can alter them, and no unreason can permanently affect them."

The conclusion is indeed consoling. The tide of human progress cannot be stayed. In the long working of Nature and the shortness of man's individual life the enthusiast may cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" but the great waters roll on.

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent—flooding in—the Main."

The coming of a new life into the world is not to be had without suffering. Women know that well. The woman movement is not a new movement. Grant it to be a spiritual force moving through the centuries, only now preparing to break the sheathing calyx which has protected it through its growth, it is still in its infancy—a bud not yet unfolded—we cannot yet apprehend the beauty and wonder of the perfect flower. We have not tasted of the fruit; but we believe that in the kingdom of the future stands the Tree of Life, and woman, who in the old myth, forbidden, took of the Tree and gave to the man, is now to reach out her hand for "the healing of the nations".

Yours faithfully,
E. C. E.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 January 1914.

SIR,—The article by Mr. Fielding-Hall is not as convincing as he probably meant it to be. The argument which he attempts to draw from China, Greece, and Rome seems to be *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; and it might quite well be claimed that the uprising of women in the States mentioned was the result of the growing degeneracy of the

men, which the women in those less-developed times were unfortunately unable to stem, and the inevitable results followed.

But granting, for the sake of argument, Mr. Fielding-Hall's very doubtful deduction, we may suggest that the conditions to-day are very different. The women's movement is practically a world-wide one now. It may be that the whole world is going to the dogs—or to the women, which with Mr. Fielding-Hall seems to be synonymous; but if so that will not matter much if we all do it together. We shall only descend to a different level and the supremacy will still be with the nation which has the cleverest dogs—I mean, women—and I think England may still hold its place. What we ought to do, surely, would be to show that our dogs *are* the best and foster them, not do all we can to keep them behind those of other nations. We may thereby be only accentuating the masculine degeneracy that has fallen on us.

That the sex relationship can take care of itself I should have thought goes without saying, and it is Mr. Fielding-Hall and those who think with him who really show nervousness on this point. To me it has always seemed one of the strangest features about this controversy that so many people actually imagine that the granting of a purely conventional device for registering opinions which we know the people hold and already act upon should have any material influence on the natural and universal laws of sex. It may be that a few women will find votes more interesting than husbands; and as there are not enough of the latter to go round, we can well afford to let them have some other occupations and interests—hobbies if not husbands. Why not? I am sure when the matter has been settled and we are accustomed to the vote, and find that nothing dreadful has happened in consequence of it, as other countries have already found, everyone will wonder what all the fearful fuss has been about.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST BELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We owe thanks to Mr. Fielding-Hall for his drawing attention to the fact that the feminist question is no new thing under the sun. Neither is woman's conceit, nor her sex hatred in a certain frame of mind, exhaustively discussed by Sir Almroth E. Wright. If we may believe the "Iliad", to turn to earlier authorities, the father of men and gods found it already necessary in remotest times to chastise almost periodically his ox-eyed spouse for her presumptuous interference with his administration of the world. Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus Siculus give us particulars that might have been headlined "Suffragette Outrages" if the yellow press had existed in their days, anent the Amazons of Asia, Europe and Africa, whose martial exploits were such a fruitful theme of ancient art. But alas! the heroic spirit calling out to posterity from Phidias's relief on the shield of Athena seems on the wane when our suffragettes content themselves with arson in a sneaking way, utterly unlike the Sarmatian mothers who, descended from Amazons and mere males from across the Tanais, pressed into marital service, did not allow their daughters the sweet privilege of temporary wedlock before each virgin had killed her man on some husband-catching raid to show her superiority. Her helpmate was in that manner won to grace the common hearth until dismissed after the completion of his generative task.

The means employed by the self-sufficient dames of yore to secure and maintain their vaunted superiority show plainly that, then as now, they were in their hearts not quite so sure of it as in their talk. We learn from the writings of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, later Pope Pius II., that, for instance, in Libussa, a country governed by women, every baby boy had his right thumb cut off and right eye put out. While a good many Amazons burnt off their breasts, or at least one, to handle bow and sword with greater ease, such a

precautionary measure against the lower organised representative of the species asserting his arrogated rights by brute force must have been very effective. And yet, the militant feminist movement of Libussa naturally collapsed, as others of the kind did in Libya, in the foot-hills of the Caucasus, on the banks of the Thermodon; as, doubtless, the latest out will collapse between Land's End and John o' Groat's.

Yours faithfully,

ETHEL MACS.

THE BRONTË LEGEND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Berlin, W.,

27 January 1914.

SIR,—In a note appended to my letter in your issue of the 17th inst. you refer me to Mr. Lionel Cust's two following articles on the Brontë legends. Although I have read them carefully through I can find no argument sufficiently convincing to justify the calm way in which he unhesitatingly attributes Emily Brontë's work to Charlotte Brontë. I refer to the already quoted passage in his first article, and to the last words of his third article (in your issue of the 24th inst.).

Whoever shifts the authorship of such an important novel as "Wuthering Heights" from one person to another ought to have overwhelming reasons for doing so; whereas his own interpretation of the case—namely, that "Wuthering Heights" is a brew "produced by a joint stock company", does not justify Mr. Lionel Cust in including unconditionally and without comment Emily Brontë's book amongst the works of Charlotte, as he does in the passages I refer to.

His reasons for representing "Wuthering Heights" as a piece of manufactured goods—quite regardless of the fact that the book speaks for itself and reveals a spontaneity and genius such as no joint stock company could ever be capable of producing—are the following: He believes that Charlotte and Branwell Brontë supplied Emily with the material either raw or manufactured; that probably she was not personally acquainted with the scenery of Craven; that some incidents she relates were taken from the "Tourists' Guide"; that Charlotte Brontë was deliberately guilty of plagiarisms from "Wuthering Heights" as well as from her own book, "The Professor"; and that "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre" are "brews" of the same vintage.

Where is the proof in all this that "Wuthering Heights" is not wholly Emily's work?

Have not the greatest writers drawn their raw material from existing sources? Have they not sometimes used such material for their finest works? Does anyone dispute their authorship on that account? Is it he who provides the material for a work or he who fashions it into a masterpiece that can justly claim to be its creator?

And nothing that Mr. Lionel Cust says proves that Emily used manufactured material. Many writers have described scenery that they had not actually seen (and in this case Emily may have known the district in question), and their works are not accounted less theirs for that! As to the plagiarisms, we are told neither where they occur nor under what circumstances. In the face of Charlotte's repeated denial of having written "Wuthering Heights", they would be powerless to prove that Emily was not its author, nor is it more of a proof to say that it is of the same vintage as "Jane Eyre", for in that case one could just as well assert that Emily Brontë wrote the latter. We are further told that the names occurring in both books show a common source on being dissected. Even if it be the case, that proves nothing as to the actual writing of the books. Here again Mr. Lionel Cust gives no example of the names referred to.

Nor does he give any reason for implying that he doubts the veracity of Charlotte Brontë's statements in her prefaces and letters. No one could fail to detect the ring of truth in certain utterances of hers about her sister Emily and "Wuthering Heights", which I would quote did I not fear

to prolong this letter unduly; they do more to prove that Emily was the indisputable creator of "Wuthering Heights" than anything Mr. Lionel Cust has said to try to prove the contrary.

He never attempts to explain how it is that "Wuthering Heights" has a style entirely of its own and is completely different in spirit, characterisation and treatment from any of Charlotte Brontë's works, or from anyone else's; he is content to call it a "brew"! And that is the book of which Charlotte Brontë writes, comparing it to a granite block on a solitary moor: "With time and labour the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark, frowning, half statue half rock: in the former sense terrible and goblin-like; in the latter almost beautiful, for its colouring is of mellow grey, and moorland moss clothes it; and heath with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

Surely she never wrote anything that showed a deeper insight or truer inspiration than this tribute to her sister's genius.

Yours truly,

M. B.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarr Hill, Eccleshill,

Bradford, Yorkshire,

24 January 1914.

SIR,—The important and interesting articles upon Charlotte Brontë's life and works Mr. Lionel Cust has contributed to your columns stand as the clear and scholarly testimony of an able and judicious writer.

The battle of "Wuthering Heights" has been waged simply because Charlotte Brontë denied, and all evidence affirms, she wrote that book. Some, who for any of a variety of personal reasons, chose not to fight, have claimed sanctuary by suggesting it was bad taste to dispute the official word of "Currer Bell" hereon,—let Truth and Literature go to limbo! To quote a review of my book, "The Key to the Brontë Works", printed within a few days of the volume's publication:—

"... The author has discovered in a little book, 'Gleanings in Craven', written by one Frederic Montagu... incidents... to be found in 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Jane Eyre'. We have not space to detail them... Side by side in three columns Mr. Malham-Dembleby prints pages from the Montagu book, 'Wuthering Heights' and 'Jane Eyre'. Some of them it may be admitted are strikingly similar... Whether they support what it is claimed for them—that Charlotte, and not Emily, wrote 'Wuthering Heights'—it is scarcely... decent to discuss. For what is it Mr. Malham-Dembleby invites us to do? Nothing less than to believe that Charlotte, 'the most truthful of all women'... published a lie and to the end maintained it... Were it not so plainly written, it would be almost incredible that such an allegation could now be made. Sixty years ago it was different..."

Now the whole mistake is, the world has not understood that Charlotte Brontë made use of pseudonymity entirely for the sake of a genuine concealment of her identity as author, not as a means of encouraging a popularising curiosity to be gratified later. Thus all her denials and repudiations of authorship were quite consonant and were legitimate to one who seriously arranged a pseudonymity for the hiding of her identity as author—if the principle of pseudonymity in authorship can be honest and legitimate. This fact permits me, while having an unwavering belief in the innate honour of the real and inner Charlotte Brontë, to make clear she would, if so she had determined, though she were the author of "twenty books ascribed to her"—I use Miss Brontë's very words—"own none", "scout the idea utterly, and distinctly reject the charge" urged upon her of being author of the same. Nor do I here quote Charlotte Brontë from her denials of her authorship of "Wuthering Heights", but from her denials, be it carefully noted, of her authorship of "Jane Eyre"!

This sensational repudiation of the authorship of "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte caused Mrs. Gaskell much trouble, though she stoutly printed it in her biography and apologised lamely for Miss Brontë by saying she was under some promise of secrecy to her sisters. But it has come out since that Charlotte Brontë, despite her emphatic statement to Miss Nussey to the contrary, really had confessed to a friend—Miss Taylor—she was the author of and was publishing "Jane Eyre"; and this friend it was who had told Miss Nussey. Charlotte Brontë's denial of her authorship of "Jane Eyre" is dated 3 May 1848. It began:—

"Dear Ellen,—All I can say to you about a certain matter is this: the report—if report there be—and if the lady, who seems to have been rather mystified, had not dreamt what she fancied had been told her—must have had its origin in some absurd misunderstanding. I have given *no one* a right either to affirm or hint in the most distant manner, that I am 'publishing' (humbug!). Whoever has said it—if any one has, which I doubt—is no friend of mine. Though twenty books were ascribed to me, I should own none. I scout the idea utterly. Whoever, after I have distinctly rejected the charge, urges it upon me, will do an unkind and ill-bred thing... If then, any... should presume to ask you what 'novel' Miss Brontë is publishing, you can just say with the distinct firmness of which you are perfect mistress when you choose, that you are authorised by Miss Brontë to say she repels and disowns every accusation of the kind. You may add if you please, that if any one has her confidence you believe you have, and she has made no drivelling confessions to you on the subject... and believe me... yours faithfully, C. Brontë."

Yet this denial of Charlotte Brontë was an amazingly deliberate and regretful untruth, for she had written "Jane Eyre" and it had been published on 16 October 1847. In like manner Charlotte Brontë later "authorised" the publishers of "Jane Eyre" to say that "she repelled, disowned and utterly rejected" having written her work, "Wuthering Heights", which she had issued under the nom de guerre of "Ellis Bell", a pseudonym also associated with her sister Emily—in the poem-publishing enterprise of 1846. But I have shown in my book why Charlotte durst not openly acknowledge her own authorship of "Wuthering Heights"—the tragedy of it!

Very truly yours,

JOHN MALHAM-DEMUBLEBY.

PROMOTION AT SCOTLAND YARD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, W.,

January 1914.

DEAR SIR,—The lamented death of Mr. Frederick Shore Bullock (formerly of the C.I.D.), Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, creates a vacancy in the "first eleven" at Scotland Yard.

Until now there has been no chance for any one of the 21,000 men composing the force to rise beyond the rank of Superintendent, no matter how great his ability or how long his service. The contemptuous neglect with which they are treated is keenly felt by the best men in the force. Sir Edward Henry, when speaking at the opening of the Hampstead new Court House, said there were only eleven men in the force who had not risen from the ranks, but he omitted to say that these eleven filled the eleven highest posts, and that he was the only one of them who had had previous knowledge of police work. Whilst a private soldier can rise to be a general and a blue-jacket to be an admiral, the policeman is told that he is not fit to hold any office above that of Superintendent. He cannot become a Commissioner, Assistant Commissioner, or even a Chief Constable. Is this policy justifiable? Should not this antiquated system be abandoned, and someone selected from the large number of capable men in the force?

Yours faithfully,

JOHN FLETCHER LITTLE.

THE IRISH CRISIS: A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westcliff Lodge, Bournemouth, W.,

19 January 1914.

SIR,—I understand that a party of Liberals and Labour representatives are now in Belfast with a view of studying real facts at first hand for themselves with regard to the Home Rule proposal. May I make the suggestion that the Unionist headquarters offer to pay all expenses of as many of the Liberal and Labour Party as will agree to go over to Ireland and see for themselves what the passing of the present Home Rule Bill will mean? If this were done I think the voting on that measure when it comes before the House of Commons for the third time would be very different from what it would be if some such plan were not carried out. I am the more convinced of the efficacy of such a plan when I read to-day that one of the Liberal Party now over there said, on seeing the Ulster army inspected, "After what I have seen I can say that the people of England do not know what is going on. I for one will not be a party to forcing a Dublin Parliament on such fine people as I have seen since I came to Ulster".

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

BROWNING AND THE GIOCONDA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sion House, Twickenham,

22 January 1914.

DEAR SIR,—The following facts may possibly explain Browning's reference to the Louvre Gioconda, about which Professor Silvanus Thompson writes:—

Some few months back the "New York Times" published an account of a version of the picture in the possession of a Vernon family in the United States. The family tradition is that their picture was presented to an ancestor visiting Paris just before the Revolution by Queen Marie Antoinette. It has always been referred to by the family as their Leonardo, and when, at some period of family upheaval, the majority of their pictures found fresh owners, this one was specially exempted. An expert who professed to be able to vouch for the authenticity of a sixteenth century picture by the peculiar taste of some ingredient among the pigments, tested the Vernon Leonardo and pronounced it a painting of the period of that master's activity, but did not profess to exclude the possibility of its being merely a fine contemporary copy.

Browning, during his long residence in Italy, may well have met Americans acquainted with all these circumstances, and believed that there were grounds for assuming the Louvre picture to be the copy and the Vernon one the original.

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIC CHAPMAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Primrose Club, Park Place, St. James's,

17 January 1914.

SIR,—When a letter appeared in the Press demanding an explanation of Browning's reference to La Gioconda some of us laughed over it together and agreed that it was not necessary to send an answer, as the question most probably emanated from the staff of the merry journal that printed it, and its sole object was to "draw" the intellectuals. But the circumstances are very different when the same question reappears in the SATURDAY REVIEW over the signature of a "kent mon" like Silvanus P. Thompson.

Let me therefore explain that Browning does not suggest that the Gioconda of the Louvre is not the original; he "suggests" that the keeper of an old curiosity stall had the impudence to assert that his worthless daub of a copy was really the original.

Yours truly,

I. C. TODD.

REVIEWS.

SHOOTING PARTIES FOR SOCIALISTS.

"The Rural Problem." By Henry D. Harben. Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

IT is a distressing thing to be ridden by theory, distressing especially to one's friends. Every convinced theorist is in danger to become a Mr. Dick—everything turns into King Charles's head with him. The bald individualist, the bald free trader, the bald natural-selectionist, the bald bimetalist, the bald socialist or collectivist—one and all they are in the same plight. King Charles's head is ever before their eyes.

Thus, the bald natural-selectionist takes his walk abroad and cannot look at a hedgerow or a coppice even in bare January without clearly perceiving therein some form of life artfully masking itself from some other form of life by assimilating with environment. Everything comes into his scheme, fortifies his argument. The bald free trader cannot buy a box of Swedish matches in the village shop without clearly seeing King Charles's head stamped thereon. Many of us have a friend who lives on theory—principle he terms it usually—the bread and butter of existence to him. But there is something more disastrous than being a bald theorist wrapt up in Socialism or Individualism or Free Trade, or Bimetalism; and that is when the theorist goes out to dabble in real practice, goes out to try a patchwork of dreaming in the air and doing on the earth.

Things may go well and safely enough for shallow enquirers in a Fabian essay, for instance, whilst the writers stick to theory and its figures and remain severely logical in their Socialism. It should be easy enough to be logical in the theory of Socialism—at any rate it should be easy enough to be barbara-celarent-darii-ferioque-prioris logical in this great theory. But Fabians should stick to theory; or to figures, which are in some ways the safest things on earth to handle—for nobody ever admits that he is ever bowled out by another man in figures.

They should grind their dry bones very fine and hard, and turn them into chemical manure to be spread by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb to fertilise the arid plains of political controversy. Disaster only happens when they come out of pure theory, pure intellectual theory in the air, and dabble in the coarse and brutal fields of practice. Mr. Harben, alas, has hopped into this disaster.

Mr. Harben, one hazards, has read somewhere within the last year or two—he might have in articles in the "Morning Post" in 1912, "A Question of Pheasants" and "A Question of Rabbits"—that the Fabians will knock up against village opinion badly if they stop the shoot. He has taken this to heart and concluded that the coney cannot very well be collectivised. Nationalisation of railways he supports bravely—but he shies away now from nationalisation of rabbits. Behold, in the Blessed Eden of Socialism, there are still to be—bunnies! Mr. Harben remembers the beaters: they are still to enjoy, under Mr. Harben's Fabianism, their bob a day and "a hearty lunch into the bargain" (page 98).

The partridge, likewise, is to be kept on: it "brings the peasant many a good shilling for finding nests" (ibid.). Wiping Mr. Lloyd George's eye badly, this Socialist sportsman tells us that the partridge eats slugs and grubs, not new-sown corn. Hence he spares partridges. But the pheasant must go. You may rear partridges, it appears, but not pheasants. You may be a "partridge-breeding lord", as he is named in "Aylmer's Field", but the pheasant is taboo: "the man who devotes wealth and energy to the rearing of hand-fed [a gnostic expression, that "hand-fed"!] is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished". On the other hand, the man who goes in for "natural sport" is "a source of wealth to the community", Sir.

Did Winkle or Snodgrass shape absurder sportsmen than the author of these perfectly solemn remarks? Of course, it is not made clear *how* the partridge is to be saved (and the pheasant shorn) under a system which proposes to nationalise the land, and,

we presume, so modify the game laws, with their "14 years' penal servitude" provision (page 101), that when the keeper meets a man ferreting in Fabian burrows he is to "require him politely" to move on.

Fancy a shooting party of G. B. S. and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb; the luncheon on lentil soup and rice pudding at the hayrick corner. Fancy the aesthetic guise of some of that party: G. B. S.—after stopping birds going down wind 50 miles an hour—in the clothes he sits to Rodin, plus a peacock feather stuck in his deer-stalker—stuck a feather in his hat, as Mr. Chesterton would doubtless wisely remark here, and called it macaroni. Fancy the joy of the Socialist "stops" over the latest Shavism.

And then what glorious opportunities in half-tones for the pages of the "Chattler" and the "Snapshot", and what opportunities for bright, crisp, sunny columns of personal description by our T. P. in the pages of our popular favourite paper, "P.A.P." Have not photos of some of our Socialist leaders already been given in one or two picture papers, as they appear mixed-bathing at Bordighera, their manly chests clad in bathing drawers of the latest pattern? But the Socialist shoot—the "natural" shoot, as our author would style it—will be much more curious than that. Only, on the whole, some of us rather think we will enjoy it from a little distance. Guns, especially big Socialist's guns, have a way of going off at most awkward times.

But Mr. Harben's young Fabians have not only been reading about the rabbits and the jollity of a day's shooting and the joy of the yokels at their "hearty luncheon". The Fabians are out, too, for sentimental value. They have read that if you wipe out the English land system absolutely to-day, divide up the stuff, portion it out, methodise the whole show, you will spoil the landscape. So in a chapter called "Afforestation" he pleads for the preservation of some "forest beauty". Don't do away with all the coppices, he entreats. On the contrary, let us "preserve for England the woods which are in danger of disappearing under the neglect and ignorance of their present owners". Let us afforest and so increase our "forest beauty". One would not be pedantic; still one may mention in passing that a "forest" is not quite the place Mr. Harben thinks it is. His etymology wants polishing up a bit. A forest does not connote trees.

Mr. Harben should take a trip to Blackmoor—when his Fabian game and forest business is working we shall more fittingly betake ourselves with him to Broadmoor.

One's little differences with the Chairman of the Fabian Inquiry into the land may close here. He is earnest, he does feel there is something wrong with country life. The wages, as he says, are too low; the land is not always put to the best use. The writer of this notice has spent the best years of his life roaming about the land. He sympathises with the villager. He has, or ought to have, some real knowledge of the thing, having mixed with the villagers a great deal through many years, although a member of an old land-owning family—a member who is not, however, personally interested, not *pecuniarily* interested, in the land system. He would like to assure honest Mr. Harben that the land question is immeasurably, nay, infinitely, too complex, too extraordinarily hard, to be tackled by a theory. It is well to have a firm grasp of the obvious, and Mr. Harben has firm grasp of the price of labour in Dorset or in Wilts. He has a firm grasp of the price of flour, skim milk and bacon in Ridgemount. He can tell us that 15,176 people in five years have applied for small holdings and 8,508 of these have got small holdings; that the average buying price of this land is £32 7s. 8d. an acre, and the average renting price £1 5s. 2d. an acre. These are facts; and there are more. But, truth to tell, one is not much awestruck to-day by parallel columns and long lines of figures and the like in this matter. One has seen too much of life. One has lived in the absolute country, rooted oneself there,

known the people somewhat, and seen a thousand things in the village and hamlet daily task that our Fabian Chairman does not touch on, has not, perhaps, dreamt of in his philosophy; which things—and a thousand more!—are at the root of this deep and tremendously hard question which Mr. Harben is going to settle by Fabian Theory.

D.

THE DEMONS.

"The Possessed." By Fyodor Dostoevsky. Translated by Constance Garnett. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

"HERE comes the Scythian", wrote the Vicomte de Vogüé in introducing Fyodor Dostoevsky to the French public. Some such phrase of explanation is certainly necessary if we are to begin to understand the work of this famous and amazing Russian novelist. In reading Turgeneff we are, as it were, at home, more or less comfortably settled in an arm-chair to study a strange land from a point of view which we can easily take as our own. Even Tolstoy, leading us to the infinite "adown Titanic glooms", is a guide whom we can follow almost from the first, for his absolute detachment belongs to the vision of a brotherhood of races. But with Dostoevsky we can never come to these terms. Probably he had not the slightest wish to send any message beyond the bounds of his own country. Western Europe, though he prized some of its literature, was to him a place where Russians were turned into fools, of whom Turgeneff was the prince. When we read his books we see Russia as a land which is at once holy and horrible. It is the opinion of a half civilised peasant with an extraordinary genius for putting thoughts into words.

"The Possessed" is a typical example of the author's work. Judged by our standards, almost all the characters are mentally deficient. It is the story of a Nihilist conspiracy in a small provincial town, and it is told at great length, with a ponderous quantity of dialogue and detail. In the original Russian the book bears the title of "The Demons", but one name is as good as another and both are expressive. The group of conspirators contains a variety of types, and the one most worthy of study is represented by Stavrogin. In English literature his only counterpart is Hamlet, and this resemblance was clearly recognised by Dostoevsky. Shakespeare's Prince of Denmark was a figure to appeal strongly to the Scythian who, we fancy, comprehended the character with an ease which Western critics must deem remarkable. Sanity and lunacy are to us sharply defined terms, and we are annoyed if we cannot divide mankind between them. In cases of suicide we are particularly quick to ask whether the man was in his right mind, but the answer we receive is seldom satisfactory. Probably it is because we have no correct equivalent for the Russian word "ochainie".

It is this word which, when we understand it, gives us the key to much that is strange in Dostoevsky's work. By it he means a state of mind which may drive men and women with equal ease to some ludicrous and trivial practical joke, to a brutal murder, to an act of heroism, or to self-destruction. The motive power behind it may be anything from mere boredom to utter despair. It is the chief of the forces which keep Nihilism alive, it is even more deeply seated in the Japanese than in the Russian character, and it gives a simple explanation of Hamlet's conduct. Knowledge of it came to Shakespeare by the intuition of genius, but Dostoevsky, of course, knew of it as a commonplace. On the comparatively rare occasions when it afflicts one of our own race in a severe form we say that its unfortunate victim has "run amok", and so go again to Asia for a word to explain this thoroughly Eastern departure from our normal condition.

Here, too, is an explanation for the ancient belief in possession of the body by devils, though we are, indeed, only changing one mystery for another.

Stavrogin in this novel often behaves in the most absurd way. He is expelled from the club because he has pulled one of its most venerated members by the nose. Before an assembly of people, he kisses the wife of a small tradesman, for no earthly reason. It is given out by his family that he has brain fever, but it is not quite a malady for doctors. Then, again, there is Kirillov, the engineer, who kills himself as a logical protest against the curse of life. This man is threatened with epilepsy, the disease from which Dostoevsky himself suffered, but world-weariness is the real trouble with him. Among the others we note in passing the convict Fedka, a brutalised simpleton, and Ensign Erkel, a fanatical and childish creature who turns with equal readiness to the murder of a suspected spy or the destruction of a peasant's ikons. From this sort of material, we are to infer, Nihilism draws its recruits. Most of the talk about a great political organisation with a definite aim is delusive, and the adherents of the cause are, through the infirmities of their own characters, mere tools in the hands of any man with a strong will.

The prospect which the novel reveals is, therefore, hopeless. We see a gigantic engine of destruction which cannot work any ultimate good. Nobody is resolute enough to stop its machinery, so there is no chance of peace until the infernal thing shall have destroyed itself in the universal wreckage. On the other hand, we are to look for nothing good from the Government or from constitutional reformers. Dostoevsky in his pessimism could, of course, see nothing but criminal folly in the dreams of Turgeneff, and we are tempted to believe that there lay between the two great novelists certain petty jealousies concerning their craft. The rival writer and his views are mercilessly lashed in the pages of "The Possessed". Karmazinov, who writes of Russian problems from some happy retreat in Germany, and displays intelligence only on matters of gas and water, is a cruel sketch of the only man who threatened Dostoevsky's supremacy in the days before Tolstoy had come to full fame. But a few sharp lines are not enough to satisfy the author's spleen. His whole contempt for the Western type of mind and the "Liberal Idealist" is displayed in the portrait of Stepan Trofimovitch, the amiable old fool who dodders aimlessly through chapter after chapter of the book. He represents these men as sowing the wind whilst they leave others to reap the whirlwind.

No attempt at literary construction is to be found in this novel, and Mrs. Garnett's pleasant prose would seem rather to flatter the author's style. Dostoevsky disdained all graces and refinements, but he had stupendous power in carving hunks from life, and to this he added a faculty for minute observation. Novels have been, and may remain, of immense importance in Russia, so during the last century the writing of fiction employed several who in other lands would have undertaken vastly different work. Such a book as "The Possessed" was intended to serve both as a newspaper and a gospel, and it has in it most of the elements of a popular drama. It told the crowd with accuracy of the internal state of the country. It bade them put no trust in the prophets of the day. It gave them certain scenes of blood and brutality. Such a book would never have been produced side by side with a free and popular press recording the events of the day, and it is to the censor that we owe this work of revelation on Russia as it was half a century ago.

WITH THE AUTHORS' COMPLIMENTS.

"Essays and Studies Presented to William Ridgeway."
Cambridge: At the University Press. 25s.

THIS big volume was compiled to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of Professor Ridgeway. Professor Ridgeway's friends, trying to think of a way to honour and to please him, at last decided that they would each write a small thesis, and that the product of their several labours should be printed, bound, and presented to Professor Ridgeway with the authors'

compliments. Accordingly we are now looking into a volume that beggars our admiration. We did not know there was so much learning in the world as we find in these collected addresses. Had this volume been presented to anyone but Professor Ridgeway we should look on that man with compassion. If this volume were presented, for instance, to ourselves we should feel we had been made the victim of a practical joke. We should feel that our friends had decided to make us realise the extremity of our ignorance. Any person who has a well-educated friend—a well-educated friend who prides himself on his erudition and scholarly accomplishment—should at once present him with this book. It will humble him for ever, showing him something beyond his wildest dreams of the advancement of learning. This volume would take the conceit of knowledge out of any man.

But this volume, being presented to Professor Ridgeway, is not a practical joke. It is a magnificent compliment to the range of Professor Ridgeway's scholarship and sympathies. Also, it is a noble monument of his teaching—the best possible witness to the legion of cultivated minds of our time which Professor Ridgeway has touched and inspired. All these writers have assumed that the further they went towards original discovery in classics, archaeology, numismatics, anthropology, ethnology, critical exegesis, the more they would please and gratify Professor Ridgeway. There are many distinguished names in the list of authors who have helped and subscribed—Mahaffy, Frazer, Flinders Petrie, Godley, and Browne, to name but half a dozen. The papers range among clues to the Platonic dialogues, the ancient name of Gla, fragments of Herakleides, Iranian Ethnography, the number seven in Southern India, the mandible of man, the beginnings of music and outrigger canoes of Torres Straits. This volume, in a word, fulfils the ambition of its preface. It is a volume "worthy of the occasion". Well may Mr. Godley, in happy dedicatory verse, exclaim:—

"Our rude forefathers, with their narrower view
Were less distracted by the past than you. . . .
We to antiquity are nearer far
Than Hellas was—at least, professors are;—
For as to Crete, whate'er's revealed or hid,
Berlin knows more than ever Athens did".

It is a solemn thought that we to-day are possibly preparing for posterity problems as many and as hard as the scholars whom Mr. Godley addresses have inherited from Hellas. We don't yet know how extremely interesting London will be in two thousand years or how much more familiar super-professors will be with the proportions of Paul's dome than are we.

But why should Mr. Godley, introducing a book like this, write "Berlin" where we expect to read "Cambridge"? Is History's course not altered while you wait as thoroughly and as learnedly in these august pages as in the treatise of any German?

"Far from the Greek our modern scholars roam
They trace the shy Pelasgian to his home:
With names of fear the startled world resounds
Pre-Hittite pots and post-Minoan mounds".

These names of fear, or at any rate, as we hope, the great majority of them, are all within this terrifying book. They will not terrify Professor Ridgeway; but Professor Ridgeway is no ordinary man.

THE RANEE AND THE HEADHUNTERS.

"My Life in Sarawak." By the Ranee of Sarawak.
Preface by Sir Frank Swettenham. Methuen.
12s. 6d. net.

THE home and the public life of a cultured and sympathetic Englishwoman as the Consort and very efficient helpmeet of the only White Raja in the world—himself an admirable combination of the benevolent patriarchal despot and the just and patient constitutional ruler—clearly should have an interest for English readers of the present day that is absolutely

unique. And the story is told by the Raneë of Sarawak with a modest simplicity, a pleasant and familiar style, and a wealth of graphic detail and illustration, that ought to make her book one of the most widely read of the season.

The Raneë, indeed, is hardly appreciative enough of her own equipment for the tasks she so successfully confronted in Borneo. For she regrets that she had only received "the limited education given to girls in that mid-Victorian period"—she had been taught music and dancing, and could speak two or three European languages; but the weightier matters of life had been neglected or postponed. But just as the Greek and Roman literature that young Englishmen have read at Oxford may not help them very much in the actual tackling of commercial work if they go into the City, or in building bridges or administering justice if they go to India, although it has given them a good "education" for both these careers, as well as for any other that may await them—so the Raneë's despised mid-Victorian training has evidently stood her in very good stead in preparing her both for her highly responsible duties as Raneë of Sarawak and also for the writing of a most delightful book about the daily interests, both the pleasures and the duties, of that exalted position.

In its broad outlines the general history of the beneficent administration of the two white Rajas of Sarawak—Sir James Brooke, the founder of the dynasty, and his nephew, Sir Charles Brooke, the present Raja—is well known to many. For the last seventy-two years these two typical Englishmen have been the absolute rulers—now under the protection and suzerainty of the British Crown—of a territory about as large as England, forming the north-west corner of the great island continent of Borneo, with a numerous mixed population of Muhammadan Malays, Dyaks—famous as erstwhile "head-hunters", and even now possessed by an unholy hankering after that primitive form of sport—and other more or less reclaimed Malay races. And Sir Frank Swettenham—who has perhaps a wider and closer knowledge of Greater Malaya than any other man living—in his preface to the Raneë's book, quotes with entire approval this glowing appreciation of the Brooke rule from Mr. Ireland's "Far Eastern Tropics":—

"The impression of the country which I carry away with me is that of a land full of contentment and prosperity, a land in which neither the native nor the white man has pushed his views of life to their logical conclusion, but where each has been willing to yield to the other something of his extreme conviction. There has been here a tacit understanding on both sides that those qualities which alone can ensure the permanence of good government in the State are to be found in the white man and not in the native; and the final control remains, therefore, in European hands, although every opportunity is taken of consulting the natives, and of benefiting by their intimate knowledge of the country and of the people."

But it is not too much to say that the Raneë's simple and pleasant account of the inner life of her husband's subjects—whom she loves with an enthusiasm that is quite refreshing—will do more to give people at home, and throughout the Empire and America, a real knowledge of this most interesting State and its picturesque administration, than all the statistical Blue Books, or the outpourings of Padgett, M.P., or even the works of more intelligent visitors like Mr. Ireland.

The Raneë characteristically dedicates her book to "The memory of my great friend Datu Isa". She was the oldest lady, and the highest in rank, of the Raneë's Court when the Raneë first arrived in Sarawak as the young wife of the Raja—and being about seventy years of age, and with many grandchildren, she at once made a sort of pet of her august mistress. Immediately after her arrival the Raneë held a sort of Feminine Durbar, and her description of the scene and its proceedings is quite delightful—the two chief ladies, Datu Isa and Datu Siti, one on each side, "each placing one hand under my elbows and the

other under my finger-tips", leading her to the seat prepared for her as a sort of throne. The Raneë's speech in English, and Datu Isa's reply in Malay, were duly interpreted. Then the Raneë tried a little Malay with the aid of a dictionary. Intending to ask Datu Isa if she had any sons, she used the wrong word and asked if she had any baby-boys—a slip which greatly delighted the old lady and caused general hilarity. And from that moment the Raneë and the ladies of her Court, old and young, were all the closest of friends.

The Raneë carries her love for her people to the extent of even finding excuses for the head-hunting propensities of the Dyaks and Kayans. When Miss North was stopping with her as a visitor at the Astana, or Palace, she begged the Raneë to excuse her for refusing to meet Dyaks or Kayans:—

"Don't talk to me of savages", she would say; 'I hate them'. 'But they are not savages', I would reply; 'they are just like we are, only circumstances have made them different'. 'They take heads, and that is enough for me', she would add severely, and would listen to no defence for that curious custom of theirs, for which I could find so many excuses."

All the same, when the taking of a head is definitely proved against a man—the criminal procedure is an elaborate and careful one—he is in his turn beheaded, if the Raja so orders, by the kris of the public executioner. The grim trophies of this "curious custom" of the Dyaks are carefully hidden away when any of the authorities are about—and the Raneë tells an amusing story of how, in one chief's house, a great bundle of dried skulls in her bedroom of state was only partially hidden by some brocade hangings!

Curiously enough, the public executioner—who takes an immense pride in his duties, though now they are very rarely needed, and who rejoices in a gorgeous uniform of gold and green satin, shimmering with ornaments—also has the duty of holding the Yellow Umbrella of State over the Raneë's head. His name is Subu, and he is evidently an amusing character. As Lord High Executioner of Sarawak, his ambitions were not excessive, for, in the intervals of holding aloft the Umbrella of State, he confided to Her Highness that when he had been privileged to turn off ten more head-hunting criminals with his heavy, keen-edged kris, he intended to sing "Nunc dimittis", doubtless in the Malay tongue, and with an eye to a snug little pension. But, like many even greater men, he was always much preoccupied with his domestic troubles. Being a moderate man, he had contented himself with only three out of the four wives allowed him by the Muhammadan code. But, unhappily, in the choosing of his third wife he had hardly exercised his wonted discretion. She was young and pretty, and he had married her in his old age, while still burdened with the cares of the executioner's kris and the Umbrella of State, and also with his responsibilities to two senior wives:—

"She will not listen to the exhortations of my wife No. 1", he would tell me. 'This troubles my heart; it makes me sick. She is too wilful and arrogant in her youth. She is pretty, it is true, but she need not always be counting my eldest wife's wrinkles. It is not the way young people should behave to those who are older than themselves, for even in old wives lies the wisdom of time; young ones are thoughtless, stupid, and unknowing.'"

The Raneë does not tell us whether Subu ever ventured on a No. 4.

ART AND INSPIRATION.

"Religious Art in France: XIII Century." A Study in Medieval Iconography and its Sources of Inspiration. By Emile Mâle. Translated by D. Nussey. 190 Illustrations. Dent. 21s. net.

ONE often hears discussion about the difference between Gothic art and its most accurate copies. Unimaginative people, who regard architecture as a sort of exact science, whose inmost mysteries are solved by the foot-rule and sound craftsmanship, but

who yet find themselves dissatisfied with the product of Victorian "Gothicness", wonder wherein precisely is the cause of their disappointment. M. Mâle's erudite work may bring home to them the difference between a passionate statement of living ideas and convictions and a recitation in an unknown tongue, no matter the pains taken to catch the right pronunciation. A Gothic cathedral, as M. Mâle says, "was not the expression of an isolated artistic individuality, but of the corporate Christian consciousness. . . . The personality of the artist does not always appear (in mediæval art), but countless generations of men speak through his mouth, and the individual, even when mediocre, is lifted by the genius of these Christian centuries. At the Renaissance artists, at considerable peril, freed themselves from tradition. The lesser men found it difficult to escape platitude and to attain significance in their religious work, while the great ones were no greater than the old masters who had submissively given naïve expression to the thought of the Middle Ages."

It is the thought, sincerely and undoubtingly cherished, that makes art great; the Renaissance artists no more than the Victorian could pump up conviction in mediæval thought. Men's minds had turned to other aspects: to scepticism, to anatomy, to the physical appeal of art rather than the mystical. Only this is growth possible. But symbolism was the habit of thought in the great period of Gothic: symbolism taken as we may think to a precious and far-fetched degree. Nothing seems to have escaped the symbol-weaving specialist; so that men looking on a nut, a rose, or a dove almost mechanically fell to inventing parabolic significance for it. The *Bestiaries*, or *Physiologus*, that crystallised the natural history of the ancients into a dictionary of the characteristics and significance of famous beasts, such as the lion, the chadrius, the cockatrice, and so on, have usually been accepted as the source of the mediæval sculptor's inspiration. M. Mâle, however, shows that, at least as regards the well-known symbolic window in Lyons Cathedral, the sermons—"Speculum Ecclesiæ"—of Honorius of Autun were more directly followed. He also finds the influence of the "Speculum Ecclesiæ" in windows at Bourges, Chartres, Le Mans, and Tours, and concludes that the *Bestiaries* had no real influence on art until their substance passed into Honorius's book and thence into sermons. "I have searched in vain", he adds, "for representations of the hedgehog, beaver, peacock, tiger, and other animals which figure in the *Bestiaries*, but are not mentioned by Honorius". As an exception to this rule he notes that the owl and birds carved on a capital in Le Mans Cathedral must have been derived straight from the *Bestiaries*, independently of the "Speculum Ecclesiæ".

This method of diminishing the importance of the *Physiologus* seems hardly convincing, for surely the popular circulation of the *Bestiaries* was very wide. Speaking "without the book", we believe the *Physiologus*, besides being translated into numerous tongues was also translated into dialect, thus becoming common property. Though in the special cases of Lyons, Bourges, etc., the sculptors employed kept closely to Honorius's reading of the *Bestiaries*, it is hard to credit that he was their main conduit pipe. And if the sculptors went straight to the *Bestiaries* for their motif of the owl, why, we may well ask, did they stop short at that point? As for M. Mâle's inability to find representations of the beaver, tiger, and peacock—creatures not mentioned by Honorius—we imagine that he confines this statement to French sculpture, since peacocks are found at Brescia and Ancona and embroidered on an alb in Westminster Abbey; tigers are seen in MS. illuminations, and at Boston and Chester in misericordes; and a beaver is said to occur in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Dealing with the vexed problem of symbolic meaning in reference to the flower, foliage, and grotesque sculptures that abound in Gothic art, M. Mâle contemptuously dismisses the elaborate conclusions of Mme. d'Ayzac, Cahier, and Auber, positively affirming

that "the fauna and flora of mediæval art, natural or fantastic, has in most cases a value that is purely decorative". In a sense this conclusion is probably just, though we cannot help thinking that by his contempt of the symbolist school and his positiveness as to the asymbolic nature of the monsters figured, our author perhaps imprudently burns his boats. For what if some future student come across another "Speculum Ecclesiæ" that proves the other side's guesses were nearer the mark than M. Mâle's? However that may be, a juster statement of the known facts is that these monstrosities may at one time have been symbolic, though quite possibly the mediæval masons knew nothing of their significance. The decoration of the Gloucester Candlestick, teeming with the strife of men and monsters, surely was derived from, if indeed it does not illustrate, a definite idea. To explain the Anglo-Saxon miniatures and their amazing arabesques, "in which warriors and monsters pursue one another as if in the depths of primeval forests", M. Mâle, who will have nothing to say to symbolism, suggests subconscious memory of a vague and extinct mythology.

On the other hand he credits the authors of the *Monthly Labours*, that are so frequent in Gothic MSS. and carvings, with possibly a more symbolic intention than they were conscious of. Instead of regarding such representations as simply illustrating common and popular topics he sees in them an expression of "the dignity and sanctity of labour". It is difficult to detect this feeling in the works themselves. But on the whole this book is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. It deals in order with the well-marked types of Gothic decoration, such as the *Virtues and Vices*, the *Old and New Testaments*, the *Gospels*, *Saints*, *Golden Legend*, *Classical and Secular Histories*, the *Apocalypse*, and *Last Judgment*. In an Appendix the principal works devoted to the Life of Christ are collected under the churches that contain them. There is also a good French bibliography and an index of places, showing what each has in the way of sculptures. But unfortunately there is no subject index, an omission considerably impairing the working utility of a book whose nature and great value were well worth the extra labour needed. The translation, we should add, is very good, and the illustrations are excellent.

A BOOK FOR CONDUCTORS.

"Choral Technique and Interpretation." By Henry Coward. "Handbooks for Musicians" Series. Novello. 5s. net.

THIS, by far the most important and valuable book published on the management and training of choral societies, has been, says the author, "written to assist choral conductors and choirmasters, though the scope is not limited to these, as many of the principles embodied in the text are applicable to soloists as well as to orchestral and military conductors". It will certainly be useful to these, but to directors of choral societies it will prove invaluable. Choral societies were once the glory of England. But a newer style of music than that of Handel, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn came in, and the societies and their conductors remained where they were; and another ideal of the performance of the works of these mighty masters came in, and the societies and their conductors were utterly unable to attain it. That a public grown accustomed to the fine orchestral renderings of Richter and Wood would no longer put up with the straight-ahead, hammer-and-tongs choral renderings beloved of our immediate ancestors was shown by the fact that the public would not attend, would not pay. Mr. Henry Coward came, and Sheffield was lucky enough to secure his services; and during the past twenty or so years he has entirely changed the way of training bodies of amateurs and the manner of their performances. His work has been invaluable. A quarter of a century ago such a work, for instance, as Granville Bantock's "Omar" could not have got an adequate

interpretation; to-day many choral societies tackle it confidently and with delight. That is owing to Mr. Coward's example and precepts. Now he has set down for the benefit of the rising generation of singers and conductors the results of his long experience. He may justly boast that not a line of his book is "padding"; there is not a sentence which does not convey a hint which may save the young choirmaster weeks of labour and ensure results that without his help would not be achieved at all. The ordinary choral society is a curiously composite affair, a kind of mixture of a dancing class, a church-choir rehearsal, and an amateur dramatic club. Young ladies join "for company" and to show themselves off in public on concert nights; young men join to please the young ladies. From such assortments not much good might be expected, but Mr. Coward shows clearly how these heterogeneous elements can be combined and used for artistic ends. That is not the least valuable part of the services he offers. But his directions as to voice-production, tempi, pronunciation, and the rest are beyond all praise; his appendices, dealing with the most minute details, are marvellous in their exhaustiveness. Nothing that he has remarked during his distinguished career seems to be omitted. Of course, such a master as Mr. Coward possesses a personal secret which he cannot convey; but every young conductor who buys this book and applies its teaching will be in a fair way to discovering the secret for himself.

NOVELS.

"Old Mole." By Gilbert Cannan. Secker. 6s.

"Old Mole's Novel." By Gilbert Cannan. Secker. 6d. net.

COMPARING certain French novelists with Dickens, Taine once wrote: "They love their art more than man". Of Mr. Cannan we have this same suspicion. Both for his original work and for his translation, of Jean Christophe he deserves a high place among our writers of to-day, but we look to him for better things than we have yet received. His faults are due to an exaggerated sense of the social importance of literature. He is so enamoured by art that he is often a critic rather than a creator, and his interests in the wide world seem to have left him little time to study individual men and women. This novel has a definite conclusion, which, read by itself, appears to be perfectly sane and logical; but it is reached by unlikely roads. Towards the close of the book there is a scene where a man watches a play of puppets, and one has a feeling that the author keeps a company of puppets himself. He pulls the strings and they execute a comedy illustrating some of the follies of our social system. All this is very well, but when the dolls have finished acting it is scarcely fair for their ingenious manipulator to say "What fools we men be", as he bows to his audience.

According to Mr. Cannan we are living in a period of false sentiment, and to display his case he has invented the figure of Mr. Beenham, otherwise "Old Mole". This personage, when a trifle short of fifty, leaves his existence as a secondary schoolmaster on account of a misunderstanding with a servant girl whom he presently decides to marry. He embarks on other surprising adventures, including a tour with some strolling players. Frankly, we cannot believe that a man of his age would have done these things. Either he would have had the strength to retain his original position or else he would have gone to the wall. It is not at fifty that one is happy in an attic, nor does one then take out any other new spell of life. We doubt whether many Old Moles would have fallen in love with Matilda and married; but, having done so, we are sure that none of them would have quietly let her depart with a younger man just because that is the proper course for the virtuous husband in the drama of the sex problem.

The author is, however, fairly frank about his characters. Although they often move, talk, and dress like the people of a partly dramatic and partly

psychological novel, they are in truth the symbols of a satire. All doubt on this point is destroyed by reading the little book called "Old Mole's Novel", which is a clever adaptation of the story of Gulliver for twentieth century use. It is a pity that literary fashion has driven Mr. Cannan to disguises for the main portion of his work, since he is obviously more happy when following Swift and Voltaire than when he is endeavouring to tell a tale of ordinary human beings. When we realise his purely satiric intent we no longer blame his respectable and elderly schoolmaster for behaving like a sentimental three-year-old. We should as soon think of accusing Dr. Pangloss of inconsistency because he continued to live after he had been both hanged and drowned. Exaggeration is the very blood of life to this kind of work. Mr. Cannan stands at the corner of the forked road and he has to decide whether he will go in pursuit of the human individual, who is a remarkably complex creature, or of that large domesticated animal which represents the whole human race in its present stage of evolution. We only trust that he will not be tempted to compromise. Old Mole and Matilda go masquerading as man and woman, but it would have been better to declare them at once as a pair of scapegoats bearing the faults of their world.

"The Making of an Englishman." By W. L. George. Constable. 6s.

The autobiographical way of telling a story has many disadvantages, and Mr. George, though a practised writer, cannot overcome them all. His book is sometimes tedious and monotonous. Lucien Cadorese, son of a Bordeaux shipowner, comes to settle in England at an early age. His great ambition is to be an Englishman, to adopt not only English manners and customs, but English sentiment, to be English at heart. We are given a telling and sometimes amusing description of his early struggles, his gaucheries, his solecisms, and the heroic perseverance with which he grapples with the intricacies of our language, our fashions and habits. It was the grammatical exactitude of his speech that exposed his foreignness. It cost him years of patient labour to learn to speak as badly as the English. How the character of Lucien is influenced and moulded by his surroundings is gradually revealed by means of a series of vivid word-pictures striking in their fidelity to human nature. As boy and man he stands before us—entirely lifelike. Incidentally the book affords many opportunities, of which the author avails himself, of contrasting the essentially temperamental differences between English and French. The novel is, in fact, mainly a panegyric of the English character. There is a great deal about our reserve power, correctness, unobtrusive courage, tolerance, calmness, dignity and solidity. So infatuated, indeed, is Mr. George with the English character that he can even write in terms of admiration of the behaviour of the London crowd on Mafeking night. Mr. George is an acute observer. His book has some good writing in it and is a long way ahead of the average novel.

"London 1913." By Margaret de Vere Stacpoole. Hutchinson. 6s.

Mrs. De Vere Stacpoole thinks that London is in a very bad way and she has written this novel to express her disapprobation. Modern London is the home of all Charlatanism. It loves claptrap and new opinion, whether expressed in Cubism or Angularism, Socialism or Syndicalism, Feminism or Fletcherism, Upton Sinclairism or Christian Science. A man may do anything in the London of 1913—leaving aside murder, arson and petty theft—if he is impudent enough; and not only may he do it, "but ten to one if he does it in the right way and with proper political and social backing, he will grow fat and rich and full of honour in the process". Things were all right in the days of Queen Victoria. Society was decent then. But now "the whole place is rotten—rotten from top to bottom, and worse, rotten at the top". She lashes herself into a

fury of indignant protest against the modern London public that loves the crook and sympathises with the crook and sentimentalises over the crook, the public that worships Jimmy Valentine and Raffles.

Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole writes at the top of her voice. Her novel gives a lurid picture of present-day life as she sees it. The characters include an unscrupulous company promoter, who incidentally is also a bigamist, which proves his undoing in the end; a poisoner, two American adventuresses who are expert thieves, a couple of blackmailers, and a large number of sinister smaller fry. Seldom has so much successful villainy been packed within the covers of a novel. But it must be admitted that Mrs. Stacpoole's villains are more entertaining than the few immaculate characters whose pallid virtues have no chance against such black deeds. Mrs. de Vere Stacpoole should cultivate a sense of humour.

"Garden Oats." By Alice Herbert. John Lane. 6s.

Mrs. Herbert writes in short staccato sentences that give the effect of gasps. She has a sprightly wit and might produce a good novel were she not so obviously obsessed by the sense of sex. Her book belongs to what is called the fleshy school of fiction. "Garden Oats", it would appear, are a woman's variety of wild oats. Mrs. Herbert's heroine sows a fair crop of them, both before and after marriage. It is only by good luck, in fact, that her final escapade does not bring her to disaster. But after describing her various adventures and sensations with considerable gusto, the book ends with her repentance and determination to turn over a new leaf. Mrs. Herbert sometimes hits off a character very neatly, as in the following description: "A kind of depressed vitality and restrained irritability were visible about her. She was like a hostess with good manners and a sick headache."

"The Cockney at Home." By Edwin Pugh. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

What is the essence of Cockney humour? Mr. Edwin Pugh's collection of stories and studies of life and character leaves one wondering. Some of them are really funny, reminding one of Mr. Pett Ridge at his best, and Mr. Pett Ridge is the Cockney humorist. Others just miss the mark, and it is not easy always to discover why. Cockney humour is, above all things, pungent. The owner of it is always ready with his "back answer". There is no subtlety about his repartee, but it has an acrid after-flavour. It is only thoroughly successful when it leaves no possible loophole for further reply, when the victim's one desire is to go away and hide himself. An element of cruelty is generally in it. Anything unusual, abnormal or grotesque arouses it. Mr. Edwin Pugh has studied his types with some success and sometimes obtains his effects very neatly, as in his short sketches of The Quack, The Phrenologist, and The Cheap Jack. In a preface to the book he states that humorists are a much misunderstood race—in England, at least. "The average Englishman is incapable of laughing at a joke without also laughing at the joker." But we do not think Mr. Pugh need be afraid that readers will laugh at him instead of at his book.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Abu'l Ala, the Syrian." By Henry Baerlein. John Murray. 2s. net.

This is a good addition to the Wisdom of the East series. Some years ago Mr. Baerlein translated the Diwan of Abu'l Ala, which, in its philosophical wit, its sarcasm and pathos, held some of that charm that informs its Persian singing brethren, Hafiz, Khayyám, Firdusi and Enweri. In this volume—an interesting companion of "The Confessions of Al-Ghazzali" in the same series—we gain a clear insight into the life of this son of Shem, Abu'l Ala, the Syrian poet. To his quaint biography is attached a second part containing odd poems by him and other Arab minstrels. None of those who heard Sir Charles Lyall's lecture to the Royal Asiatic Society on the relation of Arabian poetry to the literature of the Old Testament could fail to see their close allegiance herein. And there is all the wit of the Oriental in it. Abu'l Ala declared that he "was the son of such a modest father that on the Day of Judgment he would make an

effort to avoid the erush." Could any modern wit outdo Dahemil's humour when he dyed his white locks with indigo and exclaimed:

"Thus I lay mourning on,
Because my youth is gone".

And one might have to seek far for the lover who could outshine Ibnol Hani's compliment as he cried that the pearls which lay on his lady's breast

"Are dull because they fell not from her eye".

"The Greatest House at Chelsea." By Randall Davies. Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

London is a sad sight nowadays for those who view with melancholy the passing of old houses. "The greatest house at Chelsea" is the one built by Sir Thomas More in 1520 and demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740, then in possession of the manor. At that time it was known as Beaufort House, from the Duke of Beaufort, who conveyed it with its extensive garden and outbuildings to Sloane in 1737. All that is left of it now is a fragment of sixteenth-century brickwork, which would certainly have been removed long since, unless, as Mr. Randall Davies remarks, the dead were safer guardians of things precious than the living. The relic owes its preservation to the fact that it is attached to the burial-ground of the Moravians, which still exists between Beaufort Street and Milman's Row, although the old chapel of their settlement is now turned into a garage. The great house is associated also with Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, and the Duke of Buckingham. "All", writes Mr. Davies, "have something to tell us of their public or private life which enlivens antiquity; and in the variety of their fortunes, their circumstances and their character, they afford as many diverting pictures as the most elaborate historical pageant."

"From the Crusades to the French Revolution." By Winifred Stephens. Constable. 10s. 6d.

These histories of old and noble families are always alluring, and this chronicle of the French La Trémoille family, who outrun those of our English pedigrees—a passing few!—which boast the year 1066 as a starting-point, by already appearing as doughty knights, ready to smite the Paynim down, at the Crusades. And the fortunes of the La Trémouilles seem to have been cast by some bizarre Fate wherever they would meet with great adventures. A Guy de La Trémoille followed the Duc de Bourbon who led the French Crusades, a La Trémoille was with Joan of Arc and her army before Paris, although he played but a sorry part. Later they became familiar figures at the old Dutch Court; one, Charlotte de La Trémoille, was Countess of Derby during the troublous days of Charles I.; another, Duchess de La Trémoille, was a chosen friend of the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and in her eyes in the portrait reproduced in the book one seems to read the horrors she saw during her imprisonment and the shadow of the door she narrowly escaped. The book has some excellent illustrations.

"Ambidexterity and Mental Culture." By H. Macnaughton-Jones. Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

Starting with the remarkable fact that the use of the right is preferred over the left hand, Dr. Macnaughton-Jones goes on to show the inadequacy of the theories hitherto put forward to account for it on physiological grounds. There is really no distinction in Nature between one hand and the other as to strength and flexibility—the inference, of course, being that the difference is of artificial creation, and that the sooner the superstition is abolished the better. The argument is supported by a number of illustrations from real life, proving that where the bias of education is absent the left-handed person is as good as anyone else at work and play. The moral is obvious—that our two hands should be given equal chances in our system of training and that the result would be good, physically and mentally.

TRAVEL BOOKS.

Travellers' tales—still—are always suspect, always popular. Even antres vast and deserts idle have attractions when visited by proxy; anthropophagi become men and brothers ten thousand miles away. At close quarters, as Mr. Felix Speiser, author of "Two Years with the Natives in the Western Pacific" (Mills and Boon, 10s. 6d. net) found, the cannibals are less alluring; the capital photograph Mr. Speiser gives of one hairy man-eater with the distinctive stick piercing his nose, does not reconcile one to their table manners. A useful thing in his book is the very full account of the recruiting for natives in the New Hebrides and Solomon Islands. It quite justifies the outcry against the system in this country eight years ago—as well as the earlier agitation in Australia.

There have been almost too many books lately on Papua, but Mr. Henry Newton's "In Far New Guinea" (Seeley, 16s. net) better justifies itself than some of the others. It is the record of a missionary's life in the island, and apart from its full account of

evangelistic successes—and disappointments also, for Mr. Newton is more candid than some missionaries—it has chapters on native life, customs and occupations which have much new information. The author is a careful observer with few of the prejudices that too often disfigure mission literature, and his book should rank beside Ellis's "Polynesian Researches" and Williams's "Narrative" as one of the standard works of the South Seas.

From the Pacific to South America is an easy transition. Books on the present and future of Latin America abound—and often are as dubious as the stability of the Republics they describe. We do not greatly like the descriptive parts of "To the River Plate and Back" (Putnam's, 15s. net) by W. J. Holland. Much of it is commonplace, but the scientific pages in which the author (the Director of the Carnegie Museum) discusses the butterflies of the country—on which he is an authority—and the dipodocus will be useful to naturalists.

A more ambitious effort on historical lines is Mr. W. H. Koebel's "South America", in the "Making of the Nations" series (Black, 7s. 6d. net). It suffers, as the author admits, from compression, which makes certain pages read like a miniature cyclopedia and deprives the book of the interest that comes from detail; it would have been better to give two or three volumes to the continent. But it is accurate and well proportioned. We should like to think it was the forerunner of a standard history of South America, on broader lines and based on original research. There is need of such a guide to the tangled annals of the continent.

Mr. C. W. Domville-Fife's description of "Guatemala and the States of Central America" (Griffiths, 12s. 6d. net) is a conversational-cum-statistical account of that troubled land. He pretends to no exhaustive study, but is equally at ease when discussing the timber trade or the colour of a lady's eyes. The latter touches are well done; the former needs amplifying.

More original is Mr. Belmore Browne's "The Conquest of Mount McKinley" (Putnam's, 15s. net). Mr. Browne was one of the comrades of Dr. F. A. Cook, of North Pole fame, in the ascent of Mount McKinley, and he had very good reason to doubt Dr. Cook's assertion that he had reached the one by his certainty that Dr. Cook had never climbed the other. In view of the difficulties of the approach and ascent it was impossible for Dr. Cook to reach the summit in the time available, and when he was asked to give his proofs he went away—as he did later when tackled about his North Polar effort. The difficulties of the actual ascent—which Mr. Browne achieved—are well described in the later pages of this book.

Another piece of original exploring work is described in Mr. I. N. Dracopoli's "Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp" (Seeley, Service, 16s. net). Jubaland is an almost unknown province of British East Africa, and the outlet of the Lorian Swamp has been one of the puzzles of African geographers; but Mr. Dracopoli's travels add something to the map. Jubaland is not one of the most attractive districts of the Protectorate, being apparently rather stern and bare, and still closed to traders, but probably this book will do something to make its potentialities, such as they are, known.

We need do little more than mention Mr. Owen Letcher's "The Bonds of Africa" (John Long, 12s. 6d. net). Like his book on Rhodesia, it is a typical big-game hunter's book; a work of wider interest is "Africa in Transformation" by Norman Maclean (James Nisbet and Co., 5s. net). Mr. Maclean is a missionary whose knowledge of mission enterprise in Central Africa comes from his own personal work and a thorough study of the writings of colleagues and predecessors. He laments the divisions and jealousies of the Christian Churches in Africa, and he gives an account and photograph of the federal mission conference at Kikuyu which had such an unhappy sequel. Apart from this chapter of current interest, his pages are always thoughtful and well worth reading.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

The Art Treasures of Great Britain (edited by C. H. Collins Baker). Part 8. Dent. 1s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

Pennell of the Afghan Frontier: the Life of Theodore Leighton Pennell (Alice M. Pennell). Seeley, Service. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

London, 1913 (Margaret de Vere Staecpoole); The Marriage Contract (Joseph Keating). Hutchinson. 6s. each.

The Wonder Year (Maude Goldring). Erskine Macdonald. 6s.

Jacob Elthorne (Darrell Figgis). Dent. 6s.

Grannie for Granted (Mrs. George Wemyss). Constable. 5s.

When Satan Ruled (C. Ranger-Gull); Time's Hour Glass (Alfred E. Carey), 6s. each; Behind the Veil (George R. Sims), 2s. net, Greening.

Man and Woman (L. G. Moberley); The Way Home (by the Author of "The Inner Shrine"). Methuen. 6s. each.

Cupid's Caterers (Ward Muir). Stanley Paul. 6s.

The Horoscope (John Law). Calcutta: Thacker Spink.

Bird of Paradise (Ada Leverson). Grant Richards. 6s.

Disturbers (W. H. Williamson and "Canadienne"). 6s.; Crying for the Moon (Nancy Fain and Winifred Rose). 2s. net. Werner Laurie.

The Duchess of Wrexhe (Hugh Walpole). Seeker. 6s.

The Wanderer's Necklace (H. Rider Haggard). Cassell. 6s.

A Madonna of the Poor and other Stories (Clive Holland); At the Back of the World (George and Jennie Pugh). Lynwood. 6s. each.

One Man Returns (Harold Spender), 6s.; The Tracy Tubbses (Jessie Pope), 3s. 6d. Mills and Boon.

HISTORY.

The Contemporary English View of Napoleon (F. J. MacCunn); Siciliana: Sketches of Naples and Sicily in the Nineteenth Century (Ferdinand Gregarovich). Bell. 5s. net each.

History of the Nations (Edited by Walter Hutchinson). Part I, Hutchinson. 7d. net.

The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India; The Diffusion of Roman and English Law Throughout the World. Two Historical Studies (James Bryce). Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

LAW.

A Digest of Cases Decided in France Relating to Private International Law (Pierre Pellerin). Stevens and Sons.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Terms (John S. Bumpus). Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

Handy Newspaper List. Layton. 6d.

The Royal Navy List and Naval Recorder. Witherby. 10s.

REPRINTS.

The Story of the Nations—Switzerland (Mrs. Lina Hug and Richard Stead). Fisher Unwin. 5s.

Magna Carta: a Commentary on the Great Charter of King John (William Sharp McKechnie). Glasgow: MacLehose. 14s. net.

Selected English Speeches: From Burke to Gladstone (Edited by Edgar R. Jones, M.P.). Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A Course of Practical English (E. James Bailey); The Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides (abridged for use in Junior Forms by T. S. Morton), 1s. 6d. each; A First English Grammar (Rev. John E. W. Wallis), 1s. Bell.

An Algebra for Preparatory Schools (Trevor Dennis), 2s.; A Book of English Prose (Percy Lubbock).—Part I, arranged for Preparatory and Elementary Schools, 1s. 6d.; Part II, arranged for Secondary and High Schools, 2s. Cambridge: At the University Press.

SCIENCE.

Electro-Pathology and Therapeutics (Arthur E. Baines and F. H. Bowman). Ewart, Seymour.

THEOLOGY.

The Epistles of St. Paul from the Codex Laudianus (edited by E. S. Buchanan). Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 12s. 6d. net.

The Life in Grace (Rev. Walter J. Carey). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

The Religious Spirit: Sermon Notes (Rev. P. Hatley Waddell). Blackwood. 2s. net.

TRAVEL.

The Ways of the South Sea Savage (Robert W. Williamson). Seeley, Service. 16s. net.

VERSE.

Poetical Works (Edward Dowden). Vol. I., Original Poems; Vol. II., Translations. Dent. 6s. net each.

Wheat from Tares: a Narrative Poem (George H. Nettle). Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.

Lyrical Poems (Thomas MacDonagh). Dublin: "The Irish Review." 6s. net.

The Lonely Dancer and other Poems (Richard Le Gallienne). Lane. 5s. net.

The Song of the V.A.D.: with Legends of Sussex and Surrey, Old and New ("Commandant"). St. Catherine Press. 1s. 6d. net.

Moods of the Inner Voice (J. H. Twells, jun.). Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.

Odd Numbers (Robert Calignoc). Bell. 1s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Book-keeping in Verse (William Herbert Arch). Eppingham Wilson. 1s. net.

Book of Public Speaking, The (Edited by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies). Vol. V. Caxton Publishing Co. 8s. 6d. net.

Chats on Old Coins (Fred W. Burgess). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

Effect of Taxes on Foodstuffs, The (Bernard Dale). Eppingham Wilson. 2s. net.

Egypt in Transition (Sidney Low). Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

Essentials in Piano-Playing, and other Musical Studies (J. Alfred Johnstone). Reeves. 4s. 6d.

Federal Solution, The (J. A. Murray Macdonald, M.P., and Lord Charnwood). Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

Fires and Fire-Fighters (John Kenlon). Heinemann. 6s. net.

On the Relations between Spoken and Written Language, with Special Reference to English (Henry Bradley). Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

Reform of the Calendar, The (Alexander Philip). Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d. net.

Teaching of Indian History, The (William Holden Hutton). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY: Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; Bulletin of the Imperial Institute, 2s. 6d. net; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Patrician, 6d. net; The Celtic Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. 6d.; The Church Quarterly Review, 3s.

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THE Stock Exchange has at last enjoyed a full week of uninterrupted prosperity, and even the most sanguine of City men have been surprised at the rapidity of the public in absorbing securities. One would have to travel back to the most successful weeks of 1912 to find anything which would bear comparison with the volume of operations recorded during the past week, and even then one would miss the distinctive note dominating the House at the present time. The announcement of a reduction in the Bank rate to 3 per cent., although to some extent anticipated, nevertheless exercised an immediate effect upon the House, and a further stimulus was created by the reduction of a half per cent. in the French bank rate. It is the hope, and also the belief, that this strong feeling of confidence is in its infancy. During a passage across the House, one might be able to collect a handful of "bears" who still adhere to the possibilities of the foreign political situation to wreck the upward movement, but the likelihood of a serious relapse appears to be nullified by the anxiety of investors and speculators to secure stock at the low level. It is common knowledge to those familiar with Stock Exchange operations that a periodical relapse is necessary for the stability of a sound "bull" position, and no doubt this will be experienced during the current account; but it is difficult to anticipate anything but a strong rising market generally, in view of the remarkable monetary outlook.

The plethora of money in Lombard Street has frequently enabled borrowers to command their own terms, and this helps one to understand readily the change of front in dealing with the new loan issues being placed on the market. The £2,000,000 required by the Westralian Government was subscribed for in the space of an hour, and public response to the Bengal Nagpur loan of £2,000,000 was no less prompt, whilst in the Stock Exchange the successes were marked by a premium of ¾ in the Westralian issue and one of 2½ in the Bengal loan.

The welcome reversion of feeling with which all new issues are now being met continues to exercise a pronounced influence upon the recent loans which were launched during the more unpropitious periods. The most recent Brazilian issue has advanced to 93½, Buenos Ayres Great Southern debentures are 5 premium; Calgary debentures 1½ premium; Canada 4 per cents. 4½ premium; Central Argentine debentures 3½ premium; New South Wales 4 per cents. 3½ premium; Victoria 4 per cents 2 premium, and the Port of London loan is now over 5 points above the issue price of £92. Promoters show no intention of restricting their demands on public capital, and a New Zealand loan of £4,500,000 is now offered, the issue being in ten-year convertible debentures, repayable at par on Feb. 1, 1924, and the issue price £100 10s.; the scrip is now quoted at ¾ premium. A further South Australian loan of £2,000,000 Four per cents. at par is also about to be issued. The British North Borneo loan of £500,000 in Four and a half per cent. debenture stock will probably pass off well, as it will be offered at about £91, and the £2,000,000 Chilean Treasury bonds issued by Messrs. Rothschild are offered on the basis of 5 per cent. discount.

The further sensible appreciation in Consols during the week has been the feature of the gilt-edged department, and now that phenomenal discount rates have been established in the principal quarters, there appears to be nothing to warrant the quotation being under the £77 basis next week. The instant success of the Bengal loan naturally elevated all Indian securi-

ties, and India Two and a half per cents. still appear to offer one of the best fields for investors.

The unusual experience of having home railway accounts made up to December 31, and the consequent overlapping of dates, make it difficult to draw an intelligent comparison with last year's figures, and a year must elapse before the new Act can prove of any material benefit. However, the Great North of Scotland distribution, making 1½ per cent. for the past year, compared with ¾ per cent. for the previous eleven months, was considered very satisfactory, also the Highland Railway declaration of 2½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary stock; and Scotch stocks strengthened materially in sympathy. The traffic receipts of the South Eastern and Chatham have been very favourable on the whole during the past half-year, and certainly indicated the probability of something better than the 2 per cent. per annum declared upon the Deferred stock; but the Great Eastern declaration of 4½ per cent. was a half per cent. above the most sanguine expectations, and the Metropolitan dividend of 1½ per cent. was considered satisfactory. These announcements, coupled with the unique reduction of a whole point in the Bank rate, naturally placed all home Railway stocks upon a very firm basis, and Great Easterns were quoted well over 54 after the dividend announcement.

The abundance of money enabled operators to carry their commitments in American securities at considerably reduced contango charges, and although a good deal of profit-taking follows any sensible appreciation in values, advices from Wall Street point to the probability of a general improvement as soon as the vexed question of "railway freight rates" is removed. Grand Trunk Railway issues have risen in company with other stocks, but the outstanding feature has been the marked recovery in Mexican descriptions following further reports of political improvement.

Reports of continued industrial prosperity in the Argentine have resulted in further advances in Argentine railway securities, but Brazilian issues experienced a relapse on the rumour of a fresh Brazil railway issue. If an issue is contemplated at all it would probably be issued in Paris on behalf of a subsidiary company.

Despite London activity Paris has remained more or less in a condition of immobility, and this has naturally had the effect of restricting investment to some extent in the foreign bond market, but Argentine issues are drawing a good deal of investors' money. The Japanese Government has decided to redeem, by means of drawings, 10,000,000 yen of the Five Per Cent. Expenditure loan on March 24th.

What little remained of the old mining "bear" account has been effectively disposed of during the week by the wild operations of professionals. Many cliques were able to offer back shares on Wednesday and secure a sensible profit, but the general opinion is that next week will witness a considerable amount of public money passing to the mining section, and in all probability Paris will be more active in this direction.

Oil shares have been quieter on the whole, but judging by the activity in "Shell" Transports there are evidently many operators who consider those shares to have attractive speculative and investment prospects. Better prices for rubber have effected an improvement in rubber shares, and no doubt many of the better class investment issues are a cheap purchase, particularly Linggis and Vallambrosas.

Industrial issues have risen considerably, and foreign electric issues are still considered to be worth the careful attention of investors. Among banking issues National Provincial stock has advanced to 42½ on the favourable annual report to hand. After making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including £91,810 brought forward, amounts to £961,985. An interim dividend of 9 per cent. was paid in August last, which, with the 9 per cent. now declared, makes 18 per cent. for the year, and a balance of £91,985 is carried forward.

(Continued on page 154.)



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Viscount Goschen, presiding at the meeting of the London County and Westminster Bank, remarked upon the striking success of the past year, and stated that the profits for the year amounted to £1,194,000, against £1,055,000 in the previous year, which has enabled the directors to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent.

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So far as the scheme put forward by the Association (Continued on page 156.)

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

FEBRUARY.

Capture of Property at Sea. By Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, G.C.B. K.C.M.G., C.V.O. (Barker Autocratic and Democratic Germany: the Lesson of Zabern. By J. Ellis The Decline of the French Republic. By Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill (*Docent of Sociology at the University of Geneva*).

Our Unsolved Enigma:

(1) The Duty of Parliament. By His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones.

(2) On Thinking Federally. By Moreton Frewen.

(3) Applied Federalism. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, K.P.

The Parting of the Ways. By Arthur P. Nicholson. (Wood.

The True History of the Fabrication of the 'Armada Mercuries.' By D. T. B.

England's Duty toward Wild Birds.

(1) By Dr. W. T. Hornaday (*Director of the New York Zoological Park*).

(2) By Frank E. Lemon.

The Legal Position of the Church of England in Australia. By the Right Rev.

Bishop Frodsham.

Clubland Two Hundred Years Ago. By Miss E. A. Drew.

'Fish' Craufurd. By Norman Pearson.

The Natural History of Dancing. By Dr. Louis Robinson.

Woman Suffrage at Work in America:

(1) A Suffragist View. By the Hon. Robert Palmer.

(2) An Anti Suffragist View. By A. MacCallum Scott M.P.

The Diminishing Birth-Rate: is it a National Danger? By Dr. James A. Rigby.

A 'Young Liberal' Pamphlet. By Captain Archibald J. Campbell.

Disarmament: an Object Lesson from 1870. By Brigadier-General F. G. Stone.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Contents.—FEBRUARY, 1914.

The Bagdad Railway (with Maps). By T. A. O'Connor.

Mr. Chamberlain. By Edward Salmon.

Current Politics. By "Curio."

The Political Situation and Mr. Lloyd George's Proposals. By Politicus.

The Danger of Unrestricted Emigration. By Archibald Hurd.

Some Stories of my Western Life. By Yone Noguchi.

Lady Dorothy Nevill. By Edmund Gosse, C.B.

Has the Anglican Crisis Come? By the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley.

A Practical Repertory Theatre. By E. A. Baughan.

A Further Object-Lesson in German Plans. By Y.

Feodor Dostoievsky. By J. A. T. Lloyd.

Public Sentiment in America. By James Davenport Whelpley.

Continuation Schools in England and Germany. By J. Saxon Mills.

Wordsworth at Rydal Mount. By John Eglington.

Acquisition of French Châteaux by the State. By Jasper Kemmis.

The Achievement. Chapters VII.—X. By E. Temple Thurston.

Correspondence: A British Army of Adventure? By Lt.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock.

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MISS MARY F. SANDARS will be very grateful if anyone will communicate with her who possesses letters or other information about Queen Adelaide, whose Biography she is writing.—7, De Vere Gardens, W.

MISS LOUISA DREWRY'S Literature Courses will begin again on Wednesday, February 4th, at 7.45 p.m., and Thursday, February 5th, at 11.15 a.m. More plays of Shakespeare will be studied, three meetings being given to each play, and the first meeting being devoted to some talk about Shakespeare, the Man and the Artist. For details apply to Miss DREWRY, 143, King Henry's Road, N.W.

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Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

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CHOLERA and
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is concerned, there is very little to which exception can be taken. When the United Kingdom Temperance and General was founded in 1840 very few persons believed that insuring the lives of abstainers would ever produce an imposing premium income, and in the "fifties" industrial life assurance was still regarded as a chimerical proposition. Both these departures proved, nevertheless, most successful, because the number of insurables, originally small, was constantly increasing. Offices which cater specially for women have, therefore, one strong point in their favour, and they may reasonably expect to succeed, provided resources are carefully husbanded and developments are gradually made. At present, no doubt, female insurers are in a hopeless minority compared with those of the sterner sex, but in recent years their number has steadily increased, and the managements of several old and important institutions have given attention to their claims.

This fact does not, however, detract from the right of the Anchorage Life Association to be regarded as a pioneer, since its scheme involves representation by women for business purposes, the appointment of medical women to conduct examinations, and, presumably, the election of two influential women as directors. These proposals undoubtedly savour of revolution, and there is originality also in the offer to issue ordinary policies which can be paid for by easy instalments—namely, by yearly, half-yearly, quarterly, monthly, or weekly premiums, interchangeable at any time at the option of the policyholder. New ground has equally been opened in connection with deferred annuities for both sexes, as after the first ten years the policyholder can at any time cease payment of premiums and enter upon the annuity by giving three months' notice to the Association. Of course, the amount of the life annuity, or pension, increases with the number of annual premiums paid, and is in accordance with a scale printed on the policy. Several novelties have, therefore, been introduced, and it will be interesting to see to what extent they appeal to the insuring classes.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW should be obtainable at all Railway Bookstalls and from Newsagents throughout London and the Provinces.

Copies can also be obtained as follows:—

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The Subscription List will be opened on February 2nd and closed on or before February 5th, 1914.

REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY

£2,000,000 Five per cent. Gold Bonds of 1914

(Authorised by Law of the Republic dated December 24th, 1913.)

ISSUE OF
£1,000,000

IN BONDS TO BEARER OF £500, £100, AND £20 EACH.

The Bonds carry interest at 5 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly on January 1st and July 1st.

They are exempt from all present and future taxes of the Republic of Uruguay.

The Loan is redeemable within 37 years by the purchase of Bonds in the market or by tender at under par or by annual drawings at par through an Accumulative Amortisation Fund of 1 per cent., commencing on January 1st, 1915.

The Government reserves the right to repay the whole or any part of the Loan at any time at par with accrued interest on six months' notice.

Principal and Interest payable in Sterling in London at the Banking House of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.

ISSUE PRICE in LONDON, £91 per cent.

MESSRS. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & CO., of No. 67, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C., at the request of the Contractors for the Loan, and authorised by the Government of Uruguay as their Bankers in London, will receive subscriptions payable as follows:—

£10 on Application,
£15 on Allotment,
£33 on the 5th March,
£33 on the 31st March,
£91

Payment in full may be made on Allotment under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The Bonds of this issue are being offered simultaneously in Brussels by the Banque D'Outremer, and in Antwerp by the Banque Centrale Anversoise and the Banque de Commerce.

Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be issued in due course in exchange for the duly receipted allotment letters and will carry a coupon of 6s. 5d. on the £20 Bond, £1 12s. 6d. on the £100 Bond, and £8 on the £500 Bond, payable on July 1st, 1914.

These Scrip Certificates will in due course be exchangeable for Definitive Bonds with Coupons attached, the first of which will be for the six months' interest payable January 1st, 1915.

The following letter has been addressed to the Bankers by His Excellency Señor Don Alberto Guani, the duly authorised representative of the Republic of Uruguay:—

To Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE & Co., LONDON, January 30th, 1914.

GENTLEMEN, I have the honour to convey to you the following information with reference to the £2,000,000 Five per Cent. Gold Bonds of 1914, of the Republic of Uruguay.

The Loan is made in virtue of the authority contained in the Law of the Republic dated December 24th, 1913.

The Loan is secured by a General Bond of the Republic whereby as security for payment of principal and interest the Government assign and affect the surplus of 45 per cent. of the Customs Revenues, after providing for the annual sum necessary for the service of the Consolidated Debt of 1891 and the payment of the Railway Guarantees, which is now £940,000.

The following Table shows the available surplus of the 45 per cent. of the Customs Revenues during each of the last five years.

	45 per cent. of Customs Revenues.	Surplus available.
1909	£1,309,800	£342,400
1910	£1,386,700	£426,000
1911	£1,534,600	£570,800
1912	£1,655,500	£709,900
1913	£1,630,500	£690,600

The surplus available in 1913 was thus £690,600, against the £120,000 required for the annual service of the present Loan.

Out of the amount which it receives from the present issue, the Government will, in the first place, repay its Floating Debt, and it will use the balance thereof to increase the Capital of the Banco de la República (National Bank).

The Balance Sheet of the Banco de la República for the year ending December 31st, 1913, shows a profit of £344,000. Its present Capital is £2,600,000, all paid up.

The Exterior Commerce for the year 1913 was:—
Imports ... £10,500,000
Exports ... £13,320,000

showing a balance in favour of the Country of £3,000,000.

For the purpose of converting the local currency into sterling in the figures given in this letter, I have taken the exchange at \$4.70 per £1 sterling.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, Yours faithfully,
ALBERTO GUANI.

Applications must be made on the form enclosed with the Prospectus and accompanied by a deposit of 10 per cent. on the amount applied for. Failure to pay any instalment on the due date will render previous payments liable to be forfeited and the allotment to be cancelled.

If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned in full, and if only a portion of the amount applied for is allotted, the balance of the deposit will be applied towards the amount due on allotment.

A brokerage of 4 per cent. will be paid on allotments made in respect of applications bearing a Banker's or Broker's stamp.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation upon the London Stock Exchange.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., 67, Lombard Street, E.C.

A certified copy of the Law of December 24th, 1913, authorising the Loan, with a notarial translation thereof, and a copy of the General Bond, can be seen at the Offices of Messrs. Bircham and Co., 50, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., during usual business hours, whilst the list is open.

LONDON, January 31st, 1914.

COBALT TOWN SITE.

THE Eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the Cobalt Town Site Silver Mining Co., Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Salisbury House, London Wall, Colonel Sir A. C. F. FitzGeorge, K.C.V.O., C.B., the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, your Directors are very pleased to meet you to-day, as we feel that the report which has been submitted to you bears substantial evidence of the sound condition of your property. The Canadian company being the operating one, attention naturally concentrates on its reports, which are the most important, as they give complete details of the progress that is made from year to year. Taking into account that the report covers only a period of eleven months' work, and that operations had to be partially suspended in the summer for a few weeks—notice of which was published in the Press—in order to open up extensive bodies of mill ore in view of the purchase of the mill giving us increased tonnage, I think you will agree with me that very satisfactory results have been obtained. I am very glad to tell you that Mr. Parker, the President, and Mr. Watson, the Vice-President, of the Canadian company are with us to-day, and as I am sure you will be anxious to hear from them the history of the last year's work, I shall not detain you any longer. Accordingly, I now beg to move "That the report of the Directors produced, together with the statement of the Company's accounts for the period 1 July 1913, to 30 September 1913, duly certified by the auditors, be and are hereby received and adopted."

Mr. W. R. P. Parker said: We have had another year of prosperity and of advances all along the line—of increased earnings, of bigger production, and of a greatly enhanced cash position. Our funds available for dividends were greater at the close of the year than ever before, although it is true that a portion of these funds was taken to purchase a half interest in the concentrator. Our ore blocked out is greater than ever before, and its net value roughly corresponds with the issued share capital of your Company, as was the case last year. But, above all, we have achieved these results by the development of about one-quarter of our acreage of conglomerate rock and of that portion only on the upper levels. I want to say a few words of a general nature about the Cobalt Camp. In the year 1912—the figures for 1913 not yet being available—the world's production of silver was 226,251,013 oz. Of this amount the dozen or so producing mines of Cobalt—with an aggregate area under development of not more than, perhaps, 600 acres of good conglomerate rock—produced 30,243,859 oz. This is between one-seventh and one-eighth of the world's production. During the ten years of the Camp's active existence it has produced silver of an aggregate value of over £20,000,000 sterling, and has paid dividends to shareholders of over £10,000,000. And what about the future of the Camp? Each year it is said by some that the Camp has reached its maximum, and the following year has set a new high-water mark. The Camp was given a life of five years at the outside by many engineers. The tenth completed year showed a production of 14,000,000 oz. greater than that at the end of the fifth year. The silver production of the Camp for 1913 will amount to 31,600,000 oz. This is the most reliable estimate as yet to hand, the official figures not yet being available. These figures indicate an increase over the year 1912 of about 1,200,000 oz. As to the coming year, the draining of Cobalt Lake and Kerr Lake, the extensive developments going on at the Casey Ridge, and the possibilities of new mines being opened up, as was the case in 1913, afford ample material for those who believe the Camp will make a new record in 1914. The only claim of those who are identified with the Camp is that it should be judged by its record. My colleagues and myself are eminently satisfied with the results of the past year and equally pleased with the present situation as we see it. For example, take the aggregate of the published weekly profits at the mine for the eleven months. It amounts to something under \$600,000, or £120,000. The actual results certified by the auditors show a net profit at the mine of \$741,010, or close upon £150,000. With regard to the net earnings so far this year—that is from October 1st—I may point out that the total estimates as published for October and November are £17,611 1s., while the results just to hand, certified by the auditors, are £22,138 18s. This is about 24 per cent. more than the published estimates. These weekly profits to-day are being reported at about £2,000 per week. As a matter of fact, the actual results show about £2,500 per week, and in addition to this our share of the net earnings of the mill amount to a further £250 per week, or together about £2,750 per week net. Of course, this is with silver at a price 3d. per oz. lower than when we were here last year. We have done fairly well in the matter of dividends in the past two years. We have now paid in dividends 77½ per cent. on our capital, and we anticipate further dividends in the near future. We have now, at January 27th, according to figures just to hand, net cash assets of the Canadian company over liabilities amounting to £63,824. The cash assets of the English company amount to £23,000, making the total cash assets of the two companies £86,824. This is equivalent to 43 per cent. of the issued share capital of your company. In addition to this we have £25,000 of shares in the Milling Company, a liquid asset well worth the price as a selling proposition, and which shares are earning at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum on cost. But what about the future? you may say. Well, all I can do is to point out that we have only developed in part one quarter of our acreage, and we think we may reasonably anticipate a record that will compare favourably with that of our neighbours.

Mr. J. P. Watson afterwards addressed the shareholders, and Mr. Percy N. Furber (a director) cordially endorsed the statements which had been made by Mr. Parker and Mr. Watson as to the general condition of the property.

After a few questions had been answered, the resolution was carried unanimously.

CASEY COBALT.

THE Seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the Casey Cobalt Mining Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at Salisbury House, London Wall, Colonel Sir A. C. F. FitzGeorge, K.C.V.O., C.B., the chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: I am glad to say that, since the last meeting, the company has taken its place in the list of dividend-payers. As pointed out in the report, the Canadian company has paid its first dividend to us, and this has enabled your directors, since the close of the financial year, to provide for the debit balance of £8,480 15s. 1d. appearing in our accounts, and to declare an interim dividend of 1s. per share, less tax, which was paid on October 30th last. I am sure it was a matter of great regret to the shareholders, as it was to me, to hear that Colonel Sir Aubone Fife has resigned his seat on the board, owing to his having decided to live most of the year in the country. Therefore, he felt that he would be unable to give the necessary attention to the affairs of the company. Accordingly, your directors have elected Mr. T. W. Inwood to fill the vacancy. As there is little else in our report that calls for comment on my part, I shall now move "That the report of the directors produced and the statement of the company's accounts for the period July 1st, 1913, to September 30th, 1913, duly certified by the auditors, be and is hereby received and adopted."

Mr. W. R. P. Parker (President of the Canadian company) said: Mr. Watson and myself are very glad to be here to-day and to meet our shareholders. The past year has been a year of construction. We have a plant thoroughly modern in all respects, a first-class shaft, an excellent mill which has given a remarkably fine account of itself in its operations up to this point, and, above all, we have our own power line, and we are now receiving the electric power, and have been receiving it for the space of about two months. The lack of power has been our *bête noir* for a considerable time, and we have finally got rid of it. We have 120 acres of ideal conglomerate formation with good depth and not a Keewatin outcrop in any part of it, a position which is not approached by any other Cobalt mine with the possible exception of the Nipissing. Of this 120 acres we have up to date developed only some three or four acres. In regard to the richness of the ore, as you will see from the engineer's report, all high grade shipped from the mine for the year averaged 3,865 oz. of silver to the ton, which is one-third higher than the best high grade shipped by most of the Cobalt mines. Our concentrates, too, for the year averaged 1,067 oz. of silver to the ton, which is almost double the average run of concentrates in the Cobalt Camp. Our mill rock gave for the year's run an average content of 40·97 oz.—probably double the average of the mill rock of the entire camp, and certainly much higher than the returns from any other mill with which we are familiar. Let me refer briefly to the results of the year. And while we speak of it as a year, I will recall to you the fact that our productive period is not a year, but simply six months, plus one week. In the period of rebuilding the shop, so to speak, we managed to earn at the mine \$226,564. We have since the end of the fiscal year paid one dividend and have reduced the loan account to the English company by a sum of £10,000. At the end of last week our cash position, which is beginning to be a very strong one, was as follows:—Net cash assets of the English company, £35,612; net cash assets of the Canadian company, £35,000; total net cash assets of the English and Canadian companies, which must be considered together, of course, £70,612. Under these circumstances I presume that it will surprise very few of you when I say that a further dividend is about to be declared. Now, with regard to the production which we have had, I will recall that at the last annual meeting here we said that we would enter in about six weeks—that is in March—a fixed weekly production of 15,000 oz., which we reasonably thought could be maintained. That production has been maintained steadily from the day when we commenced it, and it has been more than maintained. Within a month afterwards that production had increased to about 20,000 oz., and for the greater part of the year we have had a weekly output, not of 15,000 oz., but of about 23,000 oz. Since we came to London I have been asked if we have lost vein No. 6. My answer to that is emphatically, "No." The vein is still there. At the south end it runs into the Kismet property, where it has given wonderful assays. I recently asked an eminent authority what the possible life of the Casey Mine might, in his opinion, be. He said, "When one considers the large area of conglomerate, which is certainly ideal in formation, the richness of the ore already found, and the fact that numerous Cobalt mines operating 40-acre claims are showing so well after extensive operations covering 10 years or more, I would not think it unsafe to predict a possible life for your property of 30 or 40 years." I give this to you for what it is worth, and, of course, he was speaking only of possibilities as he saw them and based on comparisons with known areas of conglomerate of a similar nature.

Mr. J. P. Watson (vice-president of the Canadian company) then gave details of developments in the company's area, and after some discussion the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts was unanimously carried.

EIGHTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND LTD

Head Office : 15, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.

CAPITAL—Paid-up	£3,000,000
Uncalled	2,300,000
Reserve Liability	10,600,000
Subscribed Capital	15,900,000

RESERVE FUND (invested in British Government Securities), £2,000,000.

Number of Shareholders, 18,639.

Directors.

COLIN FREDERICK CAMPBELL, Esq.
MAURICE OTHO FITZGERALD, Esq.
WILLIAM HENRY NEVILLE GOSCHEN, Esq.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD INCHCAPE, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.
FRANCIS ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, Esq.
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FRANCIS CHARLES LE MARCHANT, Esq.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.
GEORGE FORBES MALCOLMSON, Esq.
SELWYN ROBERT PRYOR, Esq.
THOMAS GEORGE ROBINSON, Esq.
ROBERT WIGRAM, Esq.

Joint General Managers.

THOMAS ESTALL, Esq.

D. J. H. CUNNICK, Esq.

FREDERICK ELEY, Esq.

Solicitors.

EDWARD HUGH NORRIS WILDE, Esq.

WALTER EDWARD MOORE, Esq.

The Directors have the pleasure to submit the Balance Sheet for the year 1913, and to report that after making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, and for the rebate of discount on current bills, the profit, including **£91,810 18s. 10d.** brought forward, amounts to **£961,985 6s. 2d.**, which has been appropriated as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Interim Dividend of 9 per cent., subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), paid in August last ...	270,000	0	0
A further Dividend of 9 per cent., subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), making 18 per cent. for the year, payable 5th proximo ...	270,000	0	0
Provision for Depreciation of Investments ...	330,000	0	0
Balance carried forward to 1914 ...	91,985	6	2
	£961,985	6	2

BALANCE SHEET, 31st December, 1913.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.
CAPITAL:—				
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid	420,000	0	0
215,000 Shares of £60 each, £12 paid	2,580,000	0	0
		3,000,000	0	0
RESERVE FUND ...	£2,150,000	0	0	
Less Provision for Depreciation of Investments	150,000	0	0	
		2,000,000	0	0
		5,000,000	0	0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT, and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and doubtful debts, contingencies, &c. ...		67,882	422	14
ACCEPTANCES and ENDORSEMENTS of FOREIGN BILLS, on Account of Customers ...		824,240	7	11
PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT:—				
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, including £91,810 18s. 10d. brought from year 1912 ...	£961,985	6	2	
Less Interim Dividend, 9 per cent., subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), paid in August last ...	£270,000	0	0	
" Dividend of 9 per cent. subject to deduction of Income Tax (£15,750), payable 5th February next ...	270,000	0	0	
" Provision for Depreciation of Investments ...	330,000	0	0	
		870,000	0	0
Balance carried forward to 1914 ...		91,985	6	2
		£73,798,848	8	7

ASSETS.		£	s.	d.
Cash at Bank of England, and at Head Office and Branches ...		10,816,205	5	3
Money at Call and Short Notice ...		7,400,188	3	9
		18,216,393	9	0
INVESTMENTS:—				
British Government Securities ...	£6,321,930	3	9	
(Of which £113,500 is lodged for public accounts)				
Indian and Colonial Government Securities ; Debenture, Guaranteed, and Preference Stocks of British Railways ; British Corporation, and Water Works Stocks ...	5,871,413	8	7	
Canal, Dock, River, Conservancy, and other Investments ...	782,505	9	6	
		12,975,849	1	10
BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c. ...		41,018,260	0	7
LIABILITY of CUSTOMERS for ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra ...		824,240	7	11
BANK PREMISES in London and Country ...		793,995	9	3
		£73,798,848	8	7

M. O. FITZGERALD }
G. F. MALCOLMSON } *Directors.*
ROBERT WIGRAM }

THOMAS ESTALL }
D. J. H. CUNNICK } *Joint General Managers.*
FREDERICK ELEY }

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD.
We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books at the Head Office and with the Returns from the Branches. We have satisfied ourselves as to the correctness of the Cash Balances, and have verified the Investments held by the Bank, and the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice at the Head Office. We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanation given to us and as shown by the Books and returns of the Company.

WILLIAM BARCLAY PEAT }
NICHOLAS EDWIN WATERHOUSE } *Auditors.*
Chartered Accountants.

January 19th, 1914.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., having numerous Branches in England and Wales, as well as Agents and Correspondents at home and abroad, affords great facilities to its customers who may have money transmitted to the credit of their Accounts through any of the Branches, free of charge.

At Head Office and Metropolitan Branches Deposits are received and interest allowed thereon at the rates advertised by the Bank in the London newspapers from time to time, and Current Accounts are conducted on the usual terms.

At the Country Branches Current Accounts are opened, Deposits received, and all other Banking business conducted.

The Bank undertakes the Agency of Private and Joint Stock Banks, also effects the Purchase and Sale of all British and Foreign Stocks and Shares, and the collection of Dividends, Annuities, &c.

Circular Notes and Letters of Credit, payable at the principal towns abroad, are issued for the use of Travellers.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the transactions of its customers.

Copies of the Annual Report of the Bank, Lists of Branches, Agents, and Correspondents, may be had on application at the Head Office, and at any of the Bank's Branches.

Preliminary Announcement. Full prospectus will appear in daily papers next week.

BRITISH RESERVE TRUST COMPANY LIMITED

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

CAPITAL - - - - £500,000

DIVIDED INTO

500,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each,

OF WHICH

400,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription at par.

Applications have already been received for 180,000 Shares of the above Issue.

100,000 Shares are held in reserve for future issue.

Directors.

A. H. HOOKER, 48, Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.

J. W. JOHNSTON, of Little & Johnston, 46, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

NORMAN HART, of Constable, Hart & Co., Ltd., 41, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

E. WACE, of Harding, Wace & Co., 19, Bishopsgate, E.C.

G. W. HARRIS, of Harding, Wace & Co., 19, Bishopsgate, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of carrying out the objects set forth in the Memorandum of Association, and more particularly for the purpose of dealing in investments as an **Investment Trust Company** and buying and selling Income-bearing Securities, and other investments that may be beneficial to the Company.

The Company intends to operate chiefly in those parts of the British Empire and United States of America where high returns can still be earned on capital invested, but where speculative development has ceased, and the country has settled into a condition which offers all the guarantees a Trust Company requires for its operations. There are extensive localities in an efficient state of commercial development, where the margin of uncultivated land is rapidly diminishing, and where the right combination of stability and profit is to be found.

The general nature of the Company's operations as a Trust Company guards against the investment of its capital in any one class of security or in any one kind of financial business. The special advantages of this provision are now well appreciated by the public. Shareholders are thereby enabled to spread their capital over a number of profitable enterprises without the trouble of selection and the anxiety of continual supervision. Trust Companies during the last 30 years, both in Great Britain and the United States, show, as a whole, a record of higher sustained dividends, larger reserves accumulated within the period, and fewer failures than any other class of enterprise.

One of the particular advantages of the British Reserve Trust Company Limited is that it is composed of people who have had long and successful experience in this business, and whose established connections in America, Canada, Egypt and the East Indies enable them to start with the facilities of an old company. The heavy expenditure of capital and time usually required to establish reliable connections with trained men of long and successful experience in each department has already been borne by other **established companies which are to be closely allied with this Company.**

In the United States of America in particular the Company has exceptional opportunities for selecting solid and remunerative business. The long established prosperity of these States, the rapid and steady increase of values, the abundance of undeveloped wealth surrounded by railroad facilities and in the midst of prosperous communities, constitute, together with an unsurpassed climate, a unique body of conditions for very profitable investment.

The intention of the Company is:—

To declare dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, in four equal quarterly dividends of 2½ per cent. each, and, within the first year of the Company's operations, to write off all preliminary expenses and contribute a sufficient sum to the Reserve Fund.

The Company has business in view which the Directors are assured upon competent authority justifies the above statement.

There will be no Vendors' consideration nor Promoters' fees. No underwriting commission has been or will be paid. The entire amount of the subscribed Capital, except what is required for necessary expenses, will therefore be available for investment.

The Directors are of opinion that no fairer or sounder offer could be made to the investing public.

The minimum subscription upon which the Directors may proceed to allotment is fixed in the Articles of Association at 180,000 Shares, which have already been subscribed for, and the Directors will therefore proceed to allotment on the closing of the lists.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from the Secretary at 19, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

CAPITAL £14,000,000, IN 700,000 SHARES OF £20 EACH, £5 PAID.

PAID-UP CAPITAL	- £3,500,000.	RESERVE FUND	- - £4,000,000.
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WALTER LEAF, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.*
J. W. BUCKHURST, *Country Manager.*

Country Office : 21, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.

West End Office: 1, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

[illegible]

Dr.	Profit and Loss Account.				Cr.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
To Interest paid to Customers	1,234,093	17	9	By Balance brought forward from 31st December, 1912	155,495	1	9	
" Salaries and all other expenses, including Income Tax and Auditors' and Directors' Remuneration	1,218,541	17	1	" Gross Profit for the year, after making provision for Bad Debts and Contingencies, and including Rebate brought forward from 31st December last	3,748,244	2	11	
" Rebate on Bills not due carried to New Account	99,708	18	4					
" Interim Dividend of 10s per cent. paid in August last	371,875	0	0					
" Investments Depreciation Account	250,000	0	0					
" Bank Premises Account	100,000	0	0					
" Provident Fund Capital Account	100,000	0	0					
" Further Dividend of 10s per cent., payable 2nd February next (making 21s per cent. for the year)	£371,875	0	0					
" Balance carried forward	156,644	11	6					
	528,519	11	6					
	£3,903,739	4	8		£3,903,739	4	8	

F. J. BARTHORPE, *Head Office Manager.*
J. W. BUCKHURST, *Country Manager.*
T. J. CARPENTER, *Chief Accountant.*

FRED. JOHN YOUNG, F.C.A.
G. E. SENDELL, F.C.A. } *Auditors.*

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